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CONSPIRACY!

20¢

25¢ out
of town

by Jeff Shero

The U.S. ended the trial of the Conspiracy Eight with all the subtlety of a bludgeoning. Despite the messy close and the muted cries of the professional observers in the press gallery, the defendants' demise came by club rather than through rapier thrusts. But then there is something to be said for the club. It's effective. All eight defendants are in jail.

Judge Hoffman's trial procedure is the judicial equivalent to Mayor Daley's handling of peaceful assemblies: they forsake surgical neatness for slam-bang thoroughness. The strategy of Lincoln Park, and the Federal Courtroom is the same as Vietnam: Overkill. Bomb them back into the Stone Age. Get those leaders out of the streets and into the jails. By any means necessary. The sides are drawn: The Empire or revolution. All the participants understand. The cops come down hard; the defendants' peers answer back in the streets of twenty-five cities.

Only the observers fail to understand. As with Vietnam, they don't question the government's ultimate aims, they protest the messy way the deed is carried out. The critics prefer the clean kill, the rapier thrust, or, better yet, a silent poisoning. Social engineering over guns, channeling instead of punitive law, pacification instead of confrontation -- methods whose civilized character don't produce messy emotional reaction.

But it's clear the liberal's day is passed. The stench of the Empire's decay begins to waft into the nostrils of its children and the lines are drawn. The Kings and Kennedys are killed. Their replacements, the Nixons, Mitchells, Reagans, and Hayakawas, aren't concerned with style, only results. The government didn't treat its number one political trial lightly. It was with some care and forethought that Julius Hoffman was selected Judge. No slip-ups; they wanted a judge and an executioner.

That's what they got.

This wasn't a trial of pretension; there were a dozen reversible errors. Beginning the first day, the judge never really questioned the jury as to whether they had pre-trial knowledge or prejudice. At the end it was revealed that one of the two male jurors, John Nelson, thought the defendants should have been shot down in the park, and one middle-aged woman stubbornly held out for locking them away on the rationale of "Would you like your children to grow up like them?"

But the defense could have won even with this prejudiced middle-aged jury if it had been allowed to present its case. Hoffman never gave them that chance. Critics bemoan the spectacular rulings such as that which barred ex-Attorney General Ramsey Clark from testifying for the defense on the grounds that the testimony would be "irrelevant." But the real gutting of the defense rested in the continued sustaining of the prosecutor's objections to lines of questioning and admittance of evidence. Working in tandem, the government team of prosecutor and judge prevented important testi-

mony from being heard. In many cases defendants took time in jail in the form of contempt in order to get information to the jury. Rennie Davis received six months for contempt because the judge continually admonished him to keep his testimony brief and "to the point." Without daring and disruptions the defendants would have played their own grave diggers. Decorum in the face of Fascism is silly. The government would have gotten itself a Conspiracy Conviction in addition to a conviction for cross-

ing state lines with the intent to riot if the defendants had played by the rules.

The Benedict Arnold of the Youth Movement, twenty-three-year-old Kay Richards, cinched the verdict. The old people were stalled after four days; a black woman and a housewife with a hip daughter who regularly attended the trial held out for acquittal. In her copyrighted



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Chicanos Seize Church

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MAYO LIBERATES CHURCH

Drawing by Greg Salazar/MAYO



Salazar 70.

by Sherwood Bishop

Midnight at revolutionary headquarters. The third day of the people's occupation of the Christ Presbyterian Church is beginning. The building has been renamed The Northside People's Center

The small band of MAYO (Mexican-American Youth Organization) activists inside is in a festive mood. The police and paddy-wagons have not come back since the first morning of the takeover. The nervous talk about prisons and police dogs and strange noises outside in the dark has stopped. The people inside are now talking about what they will do with the building.

The Northside People's Center is in a Houston neighborhood that was completely anglo 20 years ago. But, as in many other American cities, when the houses grew old and began to crumble, the white homeowners moved out, and brown and black tenants moved in. The houses and land in this part of town are still mostly owned by anglos -- the ones who work in the skyscrapers on the other side of Buffalo Bayou. They are waiting to sell the land in a few years when the prices will be a lot higher. Meanwhile, they are renting the houses for as much as they can get and paying fewer taxes every year as the property "depreciates."

As the whites moved out of the north side, the Christ Presbyterian Church lost its congregation. The new members of the community were not welcome. The Rev. Jim McLeod, pastor of the church when it dissolved, said it dissolved because "the congregation had no real desire to work with the Mexican-American community surrounding the church."

Early last year, MAYO members attended church services and told the worshipers that the church must begin meeting the needs of the community

or face the consequences. When the building was finally abandoned MAYO immediately began negotiating to make the building available for community use. Many groups such as the Welfare Rights Organization (WRO), Political Associations of Spanish Speaking Americans (PASO), League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC), the United Organization Information Center (UOIC) and ELLA, a Chicano women's organization needed places to meet and work. MAYO and the other organizations worked together to try to rent, lease or otherwise obtain the building.

The Brazos Presbytery, owners of the building, were full of promises

and kind words from the beginning. But the people got nothing but red tape from them. They also began hearing rumors that the building was for sale. The Presbytery denied the rumors, and two month's ago put up a sign in front of the church saying, "This property is not for sale. It will remain here to be used by the people who live in this community."

MAYO regarded the sign as a contract between the church and the community. They continued meeting with the Presbytery to try to make some concrete arrangements.

Finally, the Presbytery representative, Robert Frere, told MAYO representatives that the building would probably be given to the congregation of the Juan Marcos Presbyterian Church which is near White Oak Park on Johnson Street. Frere said that the Juan

Marcos congregation would have to make the decisions about who would use the building. So, MAYO set up another meeting on Feb. 1. This meeting was attended by Frere, the elders of the Juan Marcos church, MAYO and several other Chicano organizations which needed workspace. At this meeting MAYO presented a plan for the use of Christ Church for the implementation of social programs to improve the northside community. These programs would be initiated by MAYO and then their control would be turned over to the participants.

Things should have been fine there. The small Juan Marcus congregation is Chicano and should've understood the problems and needs of the neighborhood. They would only need to use the chapel of the church build-

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Free breakfast program at Northside People's Center. Photo by Sue Mithun.

ing -- and they would only need that once a week. Unfortunately, if religion is the opiate of the masses, the Juan Marcos people are really drugged. The congregation is composed almost entirely of very old people who are strict believers that all private and social problems should be solved by prayer and pure living.

At one point during the meeting Frere remarked that the sign outside the church had been put up to stop bad publicity in the papers, and was not intended as a message to the people of the community. Frere had apparently talked to the Juan Marcos congregation about MAYO before the meeting. They suggested that MAYO come back in a month or so and talk some more.

A few days after the meeting MAYO delivered a letter to the Rev. Reuben Armandarez, pastor of Juan Marcos. The letter, signed by MAYO spokeswoman Yolanda Garza de Birdwell, demanded an answer to MAYO's proposal by Feb. 14. It read in part, "Nothing in this statement should be construed as leading to conditions that would interfere with the use of Christ Church for worship and spiritual growth. Should your answer to our proposal be negative; MAYO may not use Christ Church for the implementation of social programs to be controlled by the participants.... MAYO will take appropriate action to insure the interests of the community are not neglected. Every day a decision is delayed, a Northside resident goes hungry or is pushed out of school. We can wait no longer. The time to act is now."

On Feb. 14 MAYO met with Juan Marcos for one last futile attempt at "going through channels." The occasion began with people from MAYO and UOIC sitting with the church elders and some other male members of the congregation at one large table,



Photo by Cam Duncan

with some women members of the church scurrying around pouring coffee and moving ash trays. When Yolanda, the head of the MAYO group, asked the women to join the meeting, one of them answered, "Oh, we couldn't sit at the same table with the elders!"

The Rev. Armandarez then read a 30 minute speech answering the proposals which said in effect, "No!"

It became evident that Frere was

playing Chicano against Chicano to get the pressure off his own back. The MAYO's frustration after month's of fruitless work came to a head. They left the church in anger. Later that night the members of Houston MAYO voted unanimously to take over the building and begin the people's programs immediately.

Twelve noon Tuesday at the Northside People's Center. The third day of the people's occupation is halfway completed. The building is buzzing

with activity. Food is arriving for tomorrow's free breakfast. People are reading telegrams of support from organizations in other parts of the country. Welfare recipients are donating time, food, even money. Newspaper and TV reporters have gotten the latest news and have returned to their offices. Some of the more "respectable" members of the community are beginning to sneak in the door saying, "Nice place we've got here."

There is still a long, long way to go. All power to the people.

Pass the Bacon and Serve the People

The events occurring since the MAYO takeover of the Christ Presbyterian Church have been amazing and beautiful. In six short days an oppressed, poverty stricken community has awakened to the first joys of controlling its own destiny. The church building has become the northside people's center.

In the first few hours after the takeover, MAYO members drove a loudspeaker-equipped car through the neighborhood inviting the people to come see the building. A few people cautiously accepted. They talked with the MAYO's as they toured the rooms. When people spoke of their troubled lives, the MAYO members answered, "Let's do something about it!"

Soon, the building was filled with the people of the community. Some brought food for the hungry MAYO's. The children played in the halls and classrooms. The adults talked about problems. The MAYO's repeated over and over, "This is your building. Use it any way you want."

At first, people voiced wishes. Later they began making plans. Plans quickly became reality. On the night of the takeover a Welfare Rights Organization (WRO) class was held. The next day an art class was held. Some of the children had never held a paint brush. Soon the MAYO posters were joined by dozens of children's masterpieces.

On Tuesday, Feb. 17, the third day, some of the Chicano children mentioned having problems with the black children at the center. One eight-year-old said, "I thought this was supposed to be a Chicano place." Some MAYO members had a quick meeting with the younger Chicanos. They explained that the center belongs to the entire community, not just the Chicanos. They also suggested that the children talk over the problems with their black friends.

The next day, several MAYO's and a group of black and brown children, aged 7-13, held a meeting. It was an amazing affair. The children talked about particular incidents. Both "sides" told similar stories, such as, "He pushed me off my bike and I hit him. Then they all

jumped me." The atmosphere was friendly and some of the stories were funny. The kids talked about how everything "works both ways."

The MAYO's mentioned that the children's problem was racism and that some people, especially the rich whites that run the country, wanted them to be racist so that they couldn't work together for the things they wanted.

The kids agreed that racism is bad. After talking some more they agreed to stop ganging up on each other, to start playing together instead of apart, and to spend the next week being especially "nice to each other" so they could get to be better friends.

On Wednesday morning, another group of children met. They came in at 7:30 and ate the first free breakfast to be served at the center. The free breakfasts, served daily, are organized and prepared by the people of the community. Before this, many of the children did not eat until lunch; some of them did not have lunch either. Now they start each day with eggs, bacon, tortillas, toast, beans and fruit juices.

The free breakfast program brings out an interesting point. The MAYO's consider themselves to be catalysts for action, not administrators. They are developing community leadership as rapidly as possible so the community can run the programs. MAYO will then leave to develop community leadership in other neighborhoods.

By Thursday, the fifth day of the takeover, the people were making almost continuous use of their center. About 40 children ate breakfast, twice as many as Wednesday. After breakfast, the WRO met to plan a demonstration against welfare cuts. Some of the MAYO's babysat for the welfare mothers' children. Later there were the daily art classes and sports for the children. The same afternoon, the first of a series of Chicano history and culture classes took place.

The main event, however, was Thursday night. The Juan Marcos Church elders, seeing that the community was solidly allied with

MAYO, had announced their desire to meet and discuss the use of the building with community representatives. The elders called for a meeting at 7:30 pm, Thursday, at Juan Marcos Church.

MAYO had always expressed willingness to meet with the Juan Marcos congregation, but MAYO insisted that the meeting be held at the people's center so the community could attend. At 7:30 the meeting room was filled with people. Some of the MAYO men were caring for the children in another room. No one from Juan Marcos showed up. At 8:00 two community representatives drove to Juan Marcos to see why they had not come. They returned later with nothing but bad news. The elders had refused to come. They wanted everyone out of the building. Otherwise, it appeared, the MAYO's would be thrown in jail.

The people were angry. One neighborhood woman stood and shouted, "They're not throwing us out of our building. If they arrest anybody they'll have to take us all!" Everyone cheered. One by one people spoke. Brown, black and white people said over and over, "We'll all go together. Poverty has no color!" "They'll have to take us all!" "They'll have to take my kids, too!" "I'm so happy I'm crying!" "I'm tired of eating dirt. Just let 'em try and take us!" "Right on! Right on!"

The people waited together. The police never came.

Sunday evening, representatives from Juan Marcos came to the northside people's center and began talks with the people. A MAYO member stated, "We will never compromise on the issue of community control." The meeting progressed from there, and other talks are scheduled.

Meanwhile, the people continue to develop their center and themselves. Food, paint, books and utilities all cost money. If you are willing to make a contribution, please bring it by the center at 3600 Fulton or mail it to:

Northside People's Fund
c/o Space City!
1217 Wichita
Houston, Texas 77004

STUDENT PICKETS BUSTED

A busy couple of weeks on the high school scene -- the student union rally Feb. 15 at the Music Hall, eight people suspended for dope at Brazosport High School in Freeport, another 22 leaving "voluntarily" at the same school, the opening of the University of Thought, nine people busted at Pasadena High School while picketing off-campus for Legal Student Rights (LSR) . . . and protestors at a couple of junior high schools learned that dissent is almost respectable, and much less dangerous, if you're on the administration's side.

The scene out at Pasadena is unreal. I mean, there's lots of uptight places, but the cops and school administrators out there must wear jockey straps even in the bathtub.

A friend of ours got busted last week for selling Space City! at South Houston High School. When the cops took him in to charge him with "soliciting without a permit," the JP told them it wouldn't hold because the law doesn't apply to newspapers. But the cops charged him anyway. One "your-safety-is-our-concern" man said, "We don't want this kind of trash out here. If that charge won't stick we'll find something else." Ought to repaint their patrol cars to read, "Your thoughts are our concern."

Anyway, there was more of the same last week at Pasadena High School.

The administration, with the cooperation of Pasadena cops, has continually harassed hip students for hair, dress, political work, virtually any deviance from their concept of the straight and the narrow. But they reached a new low Monday, Feb. 16 by suspending two people for attending the Feb 15 student union rally in Houston.

Enough being enough, four ex-students (victims of earlier purges) put up a picket line across the street from the school Tuesday morning. The picket signs called for the relaxation of hair and dress rules and the granting of Legal Students' Rights (LSR, the independent student organization at Pasadena High).

By noon the picketers numbered about 25, students and ex-students. The administration responded by suspending students who had joined the picket, and by calling in the cops who threatened to arrest everyone for loitering if they didn't disperse -- they did.

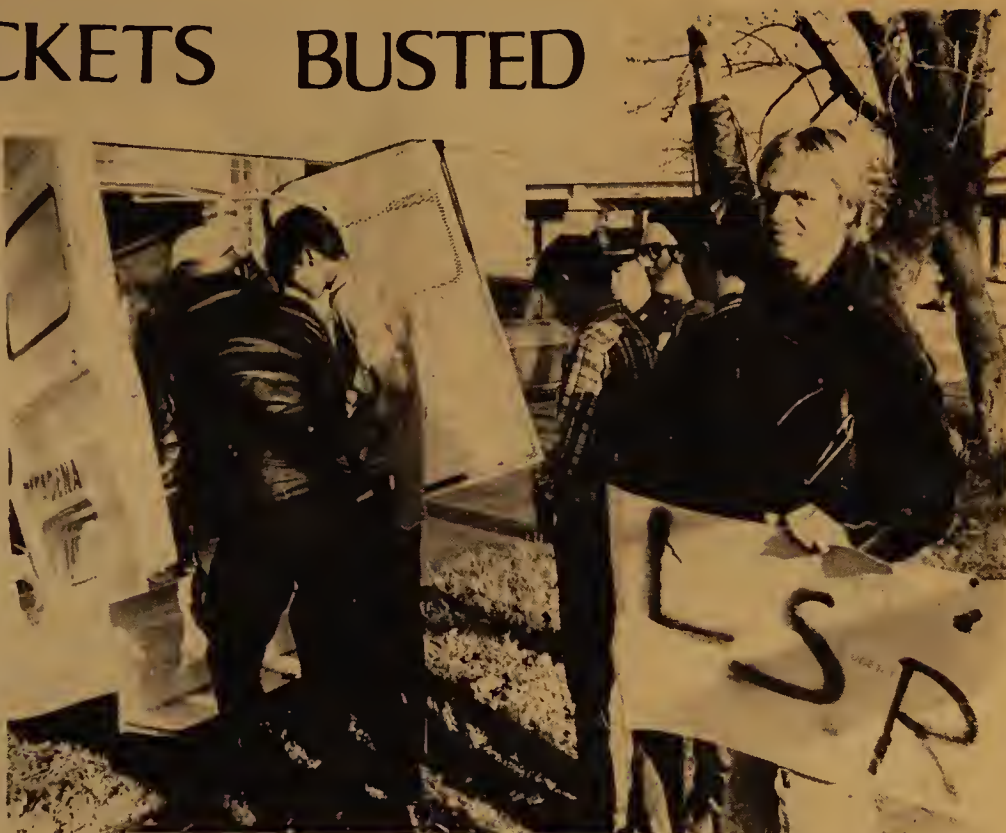
They returned Tuesday morning, however, and set up the picket line in a vacant lot across from the school. The cops returned also and, as they had promised, busted nine people for loitering -- even, though the picketers had written permission from the owner to use the lot.

It's hard to tell how much support LSR has at Pasadena. They estimate that as many as 200 people would have joined them if they hadn't been busted so quickly (before school even started). During the bust there were several hundred people watching and yelling from the school grounds. We heard a few brave "Fuck the pigs!" but the majority cry was "Take them away!" and "Lock 'em up for life!" It's difficult to imagine people getting so worked up over loitering.

All of this might have had a happy ending, and may yet have. But the nine persons arrested are the immediate victims of a judicial system which speaks first to politics and later to justice.

The loitering charge was patently absurd, and would never have stood up in court. But the nine had no legal counsel and were intimidated into pleas of guilty and fines of \$100 each. In addition, three of them are being evicted from their apartment (the Austin Street Apartments) for their involvement in the action, and several of their friends are being evicted from the same apartments simply for associating with the three. One of those arrested was afterwards fired from his job. One shudders to think what the consequences might have been had one of the students attempted to rouse the crowd with a reading of the Bill of Rights.

Undaunted, even though it took almost a week to get all of their people out of jail, LSR plans to return and to redouble its organizing efforts at Pasadena.



Cops bust nine LSR members at Pasadena High. Photo by Thorne Dreyer.

Student Union Rally -- A Little Too Respectable?

I thought the student union rally was generally a bore. About the only interesting event (aside from the music) was a stink bombing by person or persons semi-unknown. (Semi-unknown means that Space City! has a photograph of a suspect if anyone actually saw the dirty deed and can make identification.)

The main problem with the student union is its top-heavy leadership. So far as I know there has never been a general meeting of the union, including students from all the high schools represented, in which issues and priorities could be debated. Instead union "leaders" (How did they become leaders anyway? Were they directly elected by the organization? Or did they just *assume* their positions?) announce the time and place of rallies (lectures) to the majority of students via leaflets, etc.

The student union has such a hang-up about respectability (reflected in the choice of speakers at the rally and in Johnny Pennington's ever-present coat and tie) that it appears they may actually be afraid of democratic organization -- who knows what kind of crazy things might be done or said if the union were popularly run by students.... The student union leadership says that it isn't interested in tearing down anything, but simply wants a few reforms, such as the granting of constitutional rights to students. But that's either dishonest politics, or an incredible underestimation of the situation.

The dropout rate is soaring in Houston schools.

Cont. on next page ➡

Pasadena Union Dissolved

Some Protestors Absolved

In a separate move, the Pasadena Student Union (which does not include LSR) discovered itself dissolved by its chairman Friday evening, Feb. 20.

The union was dissolved, and a parents' committee set up to replace it at a parent/student meeting attended by only a couple dozen persons. The reason given was that students could no longer jeopardize their studies, and that, anyway, the parents as taxpayers would be in a more effective position to pressure the schools.

The union was under heavy fire from the Pasadena School District, which was suspending union members for no offense other than being union members, and which at one point even threatened to suspend students whose parents attended a student union meeting.

Following the meeting, there was considerable grumbling by students that the parents on their own wouldn't and couldn't effect any real changes. Said one girl: "He may have dissolved *his* student union, but he didn't dissolve *my* student union."

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY CONCERNED PARENTS QUESTION THEIR CHILDREN...



At the same time the cops were hauling off people in Pasadena, principals at Burbank and Fonville Jr. Highs were taking a more casual attitude towards students protesting the school board's cross-over plan.

Burbank Principal Sam Cochran was quoted in a Chronicle article as saying that "... if they continue to stay out of class, we will have to speak to the students and their parents" In the same article, Fonville Principal W.M. Gauntt said he does not believe that suspending students for demonstrating is the answer to campus disruptions.

School district policy says that any student participating in disruptive activity "shall be suspended from school by the principal and/or superintendent."

Of course, we can only speculate as to what those principals would do if students were protesting *for* integration. In the tradition of good ole Amerikan fair play and square shooting, however, we will refrain from such speculation.



HIGH SCHOOL

RAP-UP

← Cont. from previous page

Teachers at upper middle class schools report a 10% decrease in A's and a 10% increase in F's. The union's own relative popularity doesn't reflect just a craving for longer hair. People are fed up and they aren't playing the game any more.

In a situation like that, there's more needed than a few reforms. There's got to be some tearing down, and some building up from entirely new assumptions. The student union speakers Sunday came off sounding like a bunch of Young Republicans rather than the representatives of pissed-off high school students.

While most of the speakers at the rally were simply dull (excepting Mrs. Gertrude Barnstone, who is interesting and straightforward, lacking the "politician" style which typified the other speakers), Houston School Board member George Oser was absurd. Oser spent most of his time pitching for the board's crossover plan, and at one point stated that teachers and administrators, as employees of the district, have no right to organize public opposition to board policy.

This sort of attitude is curiously reminiscent of the tactics used by the recent conservative board majority, and decried by Oser among others. Teachers and administrators may not have the legal right to refuse board directives, but they certainly have the right to speak out against them publicly. Oser was implying to the students: We'll let you have your hair and newspapers if you'll help us shut up your parents and teachers.

Certainly there's been a lot of misinformation handed out about the plan, and certainly a lot of the opposition reflects nothing so much as political opportunism, but it's a bad issue for the student union to get caught in the middle of. In the first place, it ain't all black and white, clear-cut, good-guys-and-bad-guys, as demonstrated later on here.

And in the second place, a student union alliance with the present barely-liberal board majority may assure some safety right now, but it could prove awfully restrictive later. At this point, any student union -- even a please-sir-and-please-ma'm-to-your-elders operation -- may seem better than no student union, but a too-hasty selection of bed fellows could reduce the whole thing to one big student council farce. The only *legitimate* form of power comes from the people, not from having friends in the right places.

One final question. How come at a student union rally, the only student speaker was MC Pennington?

Crossover Hassle

Maybe at this point we should talk some about the school board's crossover plan. Basically, the plan is to switch schools on 100 principals -- whites to black schools, black to white schools -- by March 1 (though the feasibility of that date and the total number of principals involved is in question now). The plan also permits principals to take up to one-third of their present faculties with them, though this is voluntary for the individual teachers.

Student reaction to the plan seems to be a mixed bag, which breaks down something like this: nobody likes the suddenness of the plan (that's not really the present school board's fault; they're trying to hold off a probably more drastic federal court order.) Most white students who voice any opinion at all are opposed to the plan because they fear that they will get "inferior" black teachers (this is generally tagged the "conservative" position, but interestingly enough is an implicit admission of the unequal education granted blacks, even at the college level.) Most black students by the same token feel that they have little to lose by the crossover.

On the other hand, liberal white students tend to favor the proposal, as they would favor almost any speedup in the much delayed integration process. And those young blacks who are beginning to form an awareness of their own cultural identity are either lukewarm or in opposition to the plan.

Of those four positions, the last is probably least understood by whites. And for that reason, if no other, should be given serious consideration, particularly by students who are just realizing the depths of their own and this society's racism.

A few years ago there was the civil rights movement. It began in 1955 when Mrs. Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat on a bus to a white man. And it ended in 1964 when the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party was refused seating at the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City. It was succeeded by the Black Power movement, initiated by SNCC and continuing today through such organizations as the Black Panther Party.

Black Power isn't anti-white people. It is anti-white politics, anti-white culture, anti-white system and anything and everything else that serves to oppress. If you think the American System, model 1970, is the greatest thing since the Alamo, then integration may seem to you either like throwing rotten potatoes into the soup (conservative), or like a good plan for alleviating black poverty, white racism, etc. (liberal). But if you accept the notion that black people have a valid history and cultural identity of their own, and that, in fact, white America looks every day a little more like Yankee Doodle facism and a little less like the good society -- then maybe you can dig the reluctance of many blacks to hop right into the big melting pot.

In an address at Berkeley in October, 1966, Stokely Carmichael put it this way.

"I do not want to be a part of the American pie. The American pie means raping South Africa, beating Viet Nam, beating South America, raping the Philippines, raping every country you've been in. I don't want any of your blood money. I don't want it. We have grown up and we are the generation that has found this country to be a world power, that has found this country to be the wealthiest country in the world. We must question how she got her wealth. That's what we're questioning. And whether or not we want this country to continue being the wealthiest country in the world at the price of raping everybody across the world. And because black people are saying we do not now want to become a part of you, we are called reverse racists. Ain't that a gas!"

So there was the civil rights movement and blacks

said they wanted in. Then they got a peek at what "in" is like, and they decided, no, they'd rather have a little elbow room to make their own thing. The Black Panther Party has a program for Black Student Unions which gives some idea of what a black educational system might look like.

The program sets out such needs as black community control of their schools; a basic restructuring of the educational system so that it teaches students "how to survive in the present day society" (white students may find the concept of "survival" strange); all student disciplinary matters decided by a jury of the student's peers, as provided for in the 14th Amendment.


The program concludes, "We want power, enrollment, equipment, education, teachers, justice and peace."

So you see, it's not a simple issue. Desegregation of the schools will not solve the real problems of the educational system, and could in fact do actual harm by destroying what chance for cultural identity still exists in the black community. On the other hand, there is little doubt that desegregation will improve the quality of instruction presently offered black students.

In any case, the integration of the schools will come, perhaps quickly, perhaps slowly. Adamant opposition by whites, even for the best reasons, is too easily construed as racism to be a constructive position. Better that white students should concentrate their efforts towards reshaping the content, quality and style of education, and towards destroying the existing patterns of authoritarianism and racism.



MONTEREARTH
STEVE MILLER BAND
CLOVER CHARLES BLOD
Hofenz Pavillion March 21



\$350 tickets at: Family Hand Graphics Renaissance Earth 1500 Alameda
All Disc Record Shops: Northline Alameda Gulfgate 8:00PM

Welfare Demonstration

BREAD and JUSTICE!

Black, brown and white members of the Houston Welfare Rights Organization (WRO) staged a militant protest Feb. 19 against impending cuts in welfare money.

Some 70 demonstrators packed the Harris County Commissioners court and then picketed the State Welfare Office at 1018 Preston, chanting "No cuts!" "Free Stamps or Free Food!" and "Bread and Justice."

The action ended with a march to City Hall and a rally.

The demonstrators were protesting an announcement from the state welfare office in Austin a few weeks ago that Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) grants would be reduced by 12 per cent and Medicaid by 20 per cent because of budgeting problems. The cuts were scheduled to take effect April 1, but have since been rescinded.

WRO is demanding first, that there be no AFDC cuts; second, that welfare mothers get free stamps or free food and third, that welfare grants be raised to 100 per cent of need.

Budgeted need is what the welfare department decides a family needs to survive for a month. The figure is arrived at essentially by adding together: \$65 for the mother, \$25 for each child under 18, \$33-\$50 (depending on family size) for rent, \$13 for utilities and the monthly cost of prescribed medicines.

WRO, supported by the Mexican-Youth Organization (MAYO), made what seemed to be a disturbing presence in the commissioners court room.

WRO mothers carried signs that expressed their feelings about the proposed cuts. The court tried to keep up the facade of business as usual.

But since it's pretty hard to mumble through flood control appropriations when a room full of somber-looking people are holding up signs saying that children are going hungry, the commissioners nervously interrupted their meeting to hear Gilberto Matamoros, WRO spokesman.

Matamoros criticized the incompetence of the state welfare system and the state government. He told the commissioners that the cut would make it impossible for families to survive.

The commissioners responded by



In the County Commissioners court. Photo by Victoria Smith.

disclaiming any responsibility for welfare, although the county does run the food stamp program and a totally inadequate emergency relief program (A woman who came in for emergency help was recently given \$5 so she could look for a job.)

Then the welfare mothers spoke. Mrs. Pearson of Irvington Village asked the commissioners court for a resolution calling for measures to stop the cuts. Another recipient said that her oldest son had been working full-time at night while going to school, but that her younger boy was being threatened with expulsion because she still couldn't afford to buy him a hair cut.

Mrs. Ocie Johnson of Clayton Homes warned that unless welfare children were better provided for, they would be "filling the state institutions" in a few years. Mrs. Collins and Mrs. Gibbs of Studewood WRO said that

they could not live with the cut.

The commissioners hurriedly passed the resolution with great protestations of sympathy. The group moved out of the courtroom, some mothers suspiciously claiming that the resolution "is just a lot of talk."

WRO and MAYO were joined by representatives of Afro-Americans for Black Liberation (AABL) and the National Tenants Organization (NTO), in a march to the State Welfare Building.

They found the doors locked and guarded by plainclothesmen. The group formed a picket line, marching and chanting in front of the building.

Oliver Cole, Houston district welfare director, justified closing down the building on the grounds of fire hazard. Cole pulled the same stunt a few days earlier, when six members

of the Studewood WRO had been waiting in the lobby for a friend to arrive before asking caseworkers for rectification of grants.

The Welfare Department is getting nervous these days.

Cole also told the press that he had talked to two representatives of WRO, and the press readily swallowed his story.

In fact, Cole went out of his way not to talk to the two women, Mrs. Hatchett and Mrs. Johnson, who had made their way into the building before the main body of demonstrators arrived. They went to the eighth floor administrative offices and asked to see Cole. They were repeatedly told that he was out of town.

That story held until Mrs. Johnson turned around and saw Cole dodging through the hall. He then invited the women into his office and spoke at

continued on 7

WRO: What Is It?

Welfare recipients in Houston first organized into the Welfare Rights Organization in the spring of 1969, after the welfare department announced a cut to 50 per cent of need for AFDC grants.

WRO staged a sit-in on May 1 at the Preston St. welfare offices in Houston, stating that, "We can't feed our children with these cuts. You do it." (see Space City, no. 1)

The demonstration and other forms of pressure and public education resulted in Amendment 5, being put on the ballot and voted in.

Amendment 5 raised the constitutional ceiling on welfare expenditures by \$20 million, with \$15 million automatically appropriated. It was a stop-gap measure, and it is only a matter of time before more cuts will be necessary.

In the first place, AFDC payments were never restored to 100 per cent of need, (need being the sum the welfare department decides a family needs to survive for one month.) The mothers have been getting 75 per cent of need since the Amendment was passed. And then the recent threat of another cut.

But meanwhile, the welfare movement has continued to grow. Chapters in Clayton Homes and Irvington Village have been joined by groups in Third Ward, Cuney Homes and Studewood.

The food stamp program, has been a big issue throughout the fall and winter. The program proved inadequate to feed people, mainly because the stamps cost too much. (see Space City, no. 8). Thus the demand "Free stamps or free food!" in the current struggle.

One of the most remarkable aspects of the Welfare Rights movement here is the way it fights racism, both practically and theoretically. Blacks, browns and whites, in leadership and rank-and-file positions, have fought together like sisters since the first demonstration last spring.

This kind of solidarity is necessary for a struggle against the welfare department.

The Texas welfare system appropriates welfare funds for three programs: aid to the aged, aid to the blind and totally disabled and AFDC. Of these programs, AFDC is the only one whose recipients are largely black and brown. Recipients in other two programs show a racial distribution closer to that of the population as a whole. Yet when a program has to be cut, it's always AFDC. For instance, after Amendment 5 was passed last year, AFDC mothers and children got 75 per cent of need while old age got 100 per cent and blind and totally disabled was budgeted to 95 per cent.

WRO is not asking that the other programs be cut instead of theirs. The organization insists that one program shouldn't have to take all the burden of budgeting.

WRO understands that you fight a racist institution, like the welfare system, with solidarity. Racism functions to divide people. White people have been conditioned all their lives to think, on some level or another, that black and brown people are inferior. So no matter how hard off a white person may be -- say he's got a lousy job on an assembly line -- he can always rationalize his position by thinking that at least he's got it better than the black man working for less pay in another part of the plant.

WRO has taken a giant step towards overcoming this destructive racism, as well as demanding to be heard by the institution that controls their lives.

by Blair Justice, Texas Christian University Press, 1969

Don't buy this book. It costs \$7.75 and is reportedly selling well in River Oaks. You already know where it's going.

Franz Fanon points out that at a certain early stage in every revolution the person-studying intellectuals of the mother country suddenly explode with explanations of the natives. "Studies on the various 'complexes' pour forth: the frustration complex, the belligerency complex, and the colonizability complex."

The function of these studies is two-fold: first, to try to fool the colonized people into believing that their masters are at last recognizing them as human beings; second, to give the masters a sense that, despite the dim stirrings being felt, everything can still be explained in terms of the world as they have defined it. The masters still control existence and will not yet face the catastrophe which is coming with the emergence of previously unseen human beings, human beings who are capable of re-defining the world. Perhaps this is why we are now witnessing in the United States a flood of white experts explaining black people.

So here comes Blair Justice, straight out of Mayor Louie Welch's office, drawing on a hodge-podge of theories and cashing in on the explanation market. He tells us that black student militants (and, for good measure, white ones too) are doing what they're doing because they're having an identity crisis, they're trying out a "negative identity," they're insecure, they're getting kicks, they're afraid they can't make it in the big world, they're feeling guilty about getting a college education and leaving their brothers behind, they're psyched up by automation, TV, the H-bomb, and the confusion of the world in general, and finally (here Justice is picking up on Daniel Maynihan and Thomas Pettigrew) they're angry and disturbed with their family situations.

All of these "explanations" could be dangerous if not put in perspective, because for certain individuals they may be half-truths or quarter-truths. But the point is that they are nothing but "explanations," views from the outside, and are quite incapable of recognizing that the people being studied aren't robots and have a view of their own. The psychologists, like the masters they serve, live in a world of objects empty of human beings. They fail to recognize that these objects also have minds and that their drive is not towards an external explanation of themselves but towards turning their own visions into objective reality.

Probably the only worthwhile thing about Justice's book is the factual statistics he scatters in when he's not theorizing. He treats these statistics with a distance, but they in fact tell you how bad conditions are. Nearly half (41.9 per cent) of the approximately 300,000 black people in Houston live in families earning under the poverty level of \$3,000 per year (as compared to 13 per cent of the whites). The unemployment rate among blacks is now up to 8 per cent. Some 60,000 families, most of them black, live in substandard housing in this city, one of only two cities in the whole country without a housing code. Ten thousand families live in houses with-

Keeping Houston Cold

out indoor plumbing. Since 54 per cent of black people rent their houses, most of these substandard houses are owned by absentee landlords. The average education level for blacks is 8.9 years (as compared to 11.3 years for whites). Only 37.4 per cent of blacks have had the opportunity to finish high school. The list of inequalities and deprivations goes on.

A California sociologist familiar with Watts, while touring Houston, said he was amazed that there has been no major Houston riot since conditions here are noticeably worse than in Watts. Houston has, in fact, had two small riots. The first was on Aug. 23, 1917, when soldiers from the black 24th Infantry battled with police and white citizens. The second was May 16-17 1967, when Houston police rioted at TSU. But for the most part Houston has been kept cold.

Blair Justice spends some time telling us that the bad conditions should be changed. He also spends a lot of time telling us that they should be, and claiming that they can be, changed non-violently. Here he runs through the list of theories dreamed up by political scientists during the last 20 years which purport to show that the U.S. still is (if it ever was) a genuine democracy.

So we get the pluralism theory and the voluntary associations theory and the access theory and the consensus theory. All of these try to get you to believe that although you don't have any direct voice in political decisions, you've got some kind of semi-mystical indirect voice.

Justice also goes on for a few pages with the dubious argument that there is no such thing as "the Establishment" in Houston because, you see, the power is really divided up between all these different men who don't even know each other. Even if they don't know each other or have special communications with each other (which is probably the case), it doesn't make any difference as long as they are all serving the same class interests. Finally, Justice lays it on us, in the Nixon manner, that industry is really good-hearted after all and is going to solve all our social problems for us.

So let's see what great non-violent changes this author brought about during his term as head of human relations for the Mayor's office. First of all, working with a grant from the U.S. Justice Department, he tested and worked out a master plan for the whole country of having Negro interviewers go into the ghetto and collect data on the attitudes of the people there. Here he figured, quite correctly, that no matter how bad people's conditions are, they aren't going to give you any trouble if they don't realize that their conditions are bad. By collecting data periodically you can see when the people are starting to wake up and you can do something to head them off before they get organized.

Another of Justice's projects was the "block-watcher program" in which he was able to set up a system of spies on every block in Houston's various black neighborhoods, all reporting back any militant activities to the Mayor's office.

Still another project he had a hand in was the police-community relations course. This consisted of encounter group type sessions between police and people in the community which were designed to make them recognize each other as individuals. This is all well and fine. Naturally the police have their personal problems and quite possibly some of them are decent people. Maybe some of them would even stop being police with a little talking to.

But since one of their main functions in the ghetto is to serve as an occupying

army protecting white-owned property, the only purpose of trying to get people to have sympathy for them as individuals is to turn the people's attention away from what the function of the police is in the first place.

A final brainchild of Justice's is the well-known Summer Job Fair. Here again you get a program that sounds good until you start thinking about it. It sounds fine to give some poor young people jobs for the summer. But why is it concentrated on young males? Why no worry more about getting jobs for the older men who have families to support?

Everyone knows that it is the young men who are most liable to start trouble. You have the schools to coop them up and keep them under control during most of the year, so you have to find something to do the same for the summer. If you think this interpretation is far-fetched, read the McClellan committee hearings on Houston, and find out if it isn't true that the HCCAA summer work programs not only concentrated on hiring young men but also on hiring young men with any kind of militant background at all.

You can judge this benevolent humanitarianism for yourself. It would appear that every move made which is said to be bettering conditions is in fact heading in the opposite direction -- towards keeping Houston very cold.

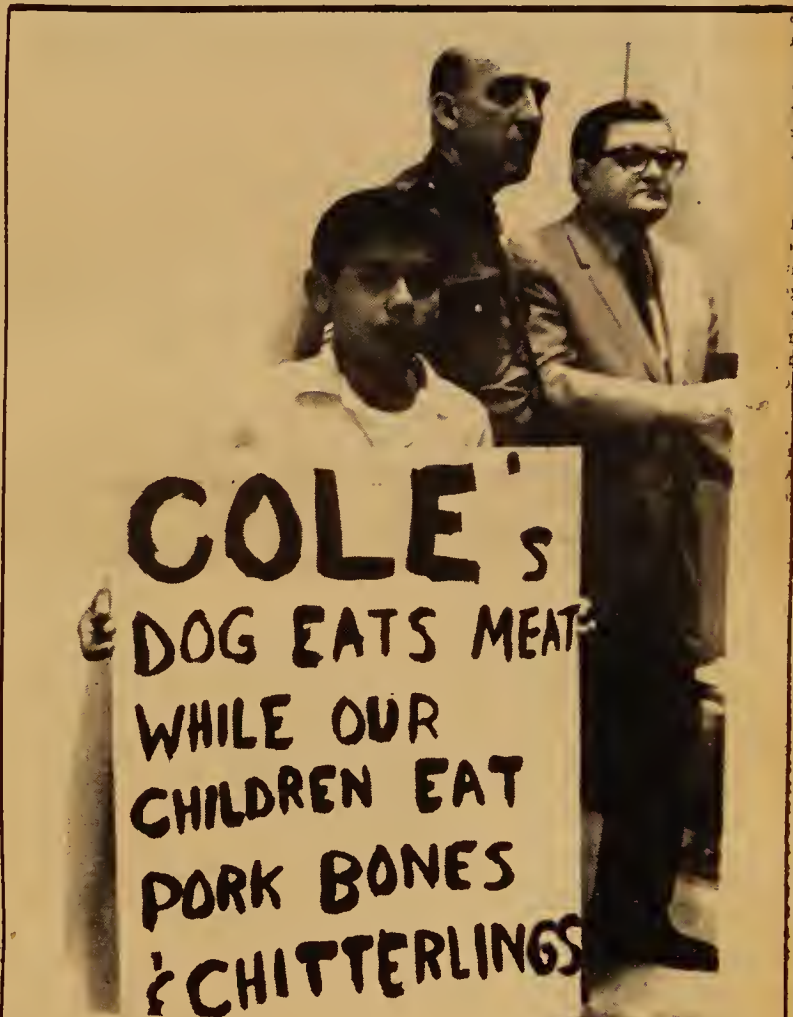


Photo by Victoria Smith.

Bread ...

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great length about how hard he was working to stop the cut.

The mothers asked why salaries for state officials were raised at a special session last year, while the governor refused to call a special session to avoid cuts in their grants. Cole answered with more protestations of concern.

WRO maintained a picket line in front of the welfare building while Mrs. Hatchett and Mrs. Johnson were inside the building. After an hour or so, the group marched through downtown City Hall. The marchers distributed a leaflet explaining their action, and continued the chant of "No Cuts!" "Free Food! Free Stamps! Some passersby were eager to read the leaflet, and asked for extra copies. Response to the marchers ranged from

raised fists in solidarity to cries of "Go to Work!"

At City Hall, word reached the group that the Austin WRO was holding a sit-in at the Austin welfare office in support of the WRO demands.

The group listened to several brief speeches. Mrs. Hulen Hill, from NTO, said, "They send us over to Vietnam to fight. Well, look around, hrother, and you'll find your war right hear."

Mrs. Perry Harris of Clayton Homes WRO said that the dogs in River Oaks were eating meat while her children were starving. Yolanda Birdwell, of MAYO, invited the welfare mothers to use the newly-liberated North Side People's Center (Formerly Christ Presbyterian Church) and to join in the fight to keep it for community use. (See story this issue.)

Then, chanting, "We'll be back," the group ended the demonstration.

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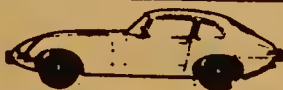
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Alaska Land Grab

The following article is condensed from "Alaska—The Ecology of Oil" by Barry Weisberg, published January, 1970 by Ramparts magazine. All quotes used are from that article. Barry Weisberg is a free-lance writer and co-director of the Bay Area Institute.

Alaska is a land of matchless beauties and resources. Alaska has more coastline (34,000 miles) than all other coastal states combined (there is potential here for an estuary agriculture that could feed millions). The amenities of clean air and water are unexcelled. There is more timber, water, and copper in Alaska than in all the rest of the U.S. combined. And, it appears that there are vast amounts of oil. Because of this oil, recently discovered on the North Slope of the arctic coast, the massive forces of the American oil industry are hurrying to act out the latest scene in our ongoing plunder and devastation of the great frontier.

In 1965, '66, and '67 four major companies—Atlantic Richfield (Arco), British Petroleum, Humble (a Jersey Standard subsidiary), and Sinclair—leased acreage for oil exploration on the North Slope, paying \$12 million for leases now worth upwards of two billion dollars.

On Feb. 16, 1968, Arco announced that its Prudhoe Bay No. 1 drilling rig had struck oil and gas. Four months later Arco's Sag River No. 1 rig, located several miles southeast of Prudhoe Bay, struck oil.

In less than six months a wilderness area the size of Massachusetts was opened to rapid development. Millions of pounds of equipment, prefabricated buildings, fuel, explosives, people and food were flown in. Exploration by explosives made hundreds of miles of seismic scars across the

tundra, damaging it permanently. And in a preview of ecological disasters to come, a winter road was cut linking Fairbanks to the Slope. The road (the Walter J. Hickel Highway) was open only one month before it turned into the longest man-made swamp and wildlife barrier in the world (to date.)

On Sept. 10, 1969, the world's oil executives came to Anchorage and paid over \$900 million for a chance to exploit this oil field. This record lease sale was played up by the oil companies as an overly generous offering on their part. Actually it is only a fraction of the land's value. The present value is probably close to \$5 billion. Long-range value may soar as high as \$50 billion in a decade (with the state getting only a 12.5% royalty and a 4% severance tax).

The oil companies always refer to the great risks they are taking. This is not very convincing. Over 50% of Alaskan geology lends itself to oil bearing structures. Without question the Alaskan find will compare to, and likely dwarf, the 30 billion barrel East Texas find of the 1930's (at present our primary domestic source). Many, including Sec. of Interior Hickel, estimate the Alaskan reserves at 100 billion barrels. Until Alaska, only 118 billion barrels had been found in all of North America in the previous 110 years.

This oil development poses a vast threat to the Alaskan ecological system. Probably no other industry so completely affects its environs as does oil—in its exploration, extraction, and transportation. Certainly no other industry can mobilize such huge amounts of capital to devastate with.

Not only is oil a devastating ecological enemy, but Alaska is a uniquely vulnerable victim. In the extreme but stable and regular conditions of the arctic, the web of life-relationships depends on the slimmest of food margins. The slender food chains and the frugal life-cycles afford little tolerance for disruptions. "The slightest manipulation of the life support system, the alteration of a bird migration, the pollution of a river, the noise of an airplane, all have incalculable unanticipated consequences. That is what makes this unique and irreplaceable eco-system so utterly fragile and so vulnerable to the careless intrusions of industrial man."

In nature, one organism's discarded and unused substance becomes the energy of another. Industrial man attempts to repeal this rule and deposit useless waste everywhere. This mania for waste is especially disastrous in Alaska, because here debris survives intact for extremely long times. Arctic eco-systems are not prone to decompose matter. This means that the littering and desecration that takes

years in other climates can happen almost overnight in the Arctic. "Orange peels last for months, paper for years, wood scraps for decades; metal or plastic is practically immortal."

Of prime significance is the tundra, the blanket of surface vegetation that covers and insulates the deep layer of permafrost below. Damage to the tundra is irreversible. "The permafrost, a mass of gravel, ice, and mud that begins about one foot beneath the surface and extends downward one thousand feet or more, remains frozen throughout the year, providing a solid ground beneath the tundra. But when the cover is stripped away, the permafrost melts, leaving an open, unhealing wound of mud, slush and water that tends to drain away, undermining the stability of large areas of the surrounding earth." This is what happened to the Hickel Highway; it will happen everywhere bulldozers or explosives scar the tundra.

Perhaps the greatest planned destruction thus far is the Trans Alaska Pipeline Systems (TAPS). TAPS will cost \$900 million and run 800 miles from the North Slope to Valdez, an ice-free (but earthquake-prone) port on the Pacific southern coast. Eventually TAPS will transport two million barrels of oil per day, at a temperature of 150 to 170 degrees (the oil must be hot to flow freely). This would melt all permafrost within a 25 foot radius. Alongside the pipeline will be strung roads, railways, storehouses, small settlements, pumping stations, landing fields, etc. TAPS will be laid down on 10 feet of gravel (gravel taken from river beds, thus upsetting spawning and other cycles); it will generate enormous problems of soil stability. The physical obstruction of the pipeline will be a peril to the region's 400,000 migrating caribou. TAPS, then, means an 800-mile strip of gross ecological disturbance.

...and then there's reality

The engravings on these pages are brought to you compliments of Atlantic Richfield Co. They are from a PR folio entitled *Alaska: the great land*. The engravings originally appeared in the book *The Fur Country or Seventy Degrees North Latitude*, written by Jules Verne and translated from French by N. D'Anvers. It was published in Boston in 1874 by James R. Osgood & Co.

A second method of getting the oil to market will be in super tankers like the Manhattan, the 115,000-deadweight-ton tanker which successfully passed through the Arctic ice pack recently. Though the oil companies cited this voyage as a risk, they had ordered eight more gigantic tankers



before the first journey was complete. The Manhattan is over 1000 feet long and can crush through 40-foot-thick ice. Orders are in for tankers three times as large. These tankers—which in the course of their routine operations spew oil slick bilge and exhaust waves in their wake—will cut a major path of disruption through 1000 miles of the Arctic.

In a larger perspective: "In Alaska today we are playing recklessly

with forces which affect the entire planet. The Arctic ice pack, for example, is perhaps the single most important land mass in determining global weather. It is possible that our interference with Arctic heat patterns in the ice pack and the ocean (through oil explorations and transport) could upset basic weather balances affecting the height of the world's oceans, the amounts of rainfall, and other interdependent climatic functions."

Technology of waste

The oil finds in the Arctic are very important in themselves, but even more important is the developmental dynamic generated by the oil industry. Oil development fixes the American landscape into transport corridors which accommodate cars, and only cars. The continued presence of the auto guarantees the persistence of current forms of urban sprawl. This pressure against cooperative modes of transit fixes the shape of our cities tomorrow.

"Oil is at the core of the whole of American industry. Crude petroleum is the basis for the production of hydro-carbon feedstock and other basic petro-chemical industries. Petrol is the stuff from which roads, paints, detergents, synthetic rubber, cosmetics, nylon and pesticides are made. From its powerful position at the center, the oil industry fuels, sustains and protects the economy of waste on which its profits are based."

It defends and expands the economy's patterns of waste and destruction: the private auto in use about 1% of the time and junked at a rate of 12 million per year, usurps 50% of the space in our overcrowded cities with its highways and parking requirements and poisons our atmosphere; use of DDT and other pesticides generates crop surpluses which are then withheld from the hungry here and abroad, at the same time these pesticides are poisoning our environment; plastic packaging is neither reusable nor decomposable, and it pollutes the air when burned. "This is the technology with

which we are 'developing' Alaska and civilizing the world. This technology costs \$11 billion annually in damage to private property from air pollution alone."

The headlong rush of Alaskan development is part of the American momentum of economic and industrial progress. This momentum contradicts our knowledge of the earth's capacity to support us. The earth's resources are fixed. Continuous growth merely to accommodate the increasingly false consumptive needs of Americans must be replaced with growth directed to achieve very specific public priorities. Oil companies do not operate in this way. Their growth is for private corporate profit. This profit-oriented exploitation of resources will never result in the re-cycling of all natural resources, the production of only re-cyclable containers, and the rationing of natural resources.

The experience of Alaska raises fundamental questions about the way American capitalism "develops" the resources of the earth—"questions about the proper rate, purposes and forms of development, about who controls and benefits from it and by what right, and who really pays the price—questions about the heavy costs to life that do not show up on oil company balance sheets." These are the reservations obscured by the clichés of progress.

"We must slow down. We must come to enjoy the world gently, remembering that this fragile earth is more to be admired than used, more to be cherished than exploited. Alaska teaches us that there are men for whom this is impossible. They must be stopped. Not for their sake, but for ours."



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Panther 21 Trial: Becoming a Panther

NEW YORK — The trial of the Panther 21 began here Feb. 2,

They are charged with conspiracy to firebomb five Manhattan department stores, blow up sections of the New Haven commuter railroad, attack a number of police precincts and bomb the Bronx Botanical Gardens.

The charge is one of the more outrageous ones that the government has used in its attempt to put the Black Panther Party out of commission by jailing all its leaders.

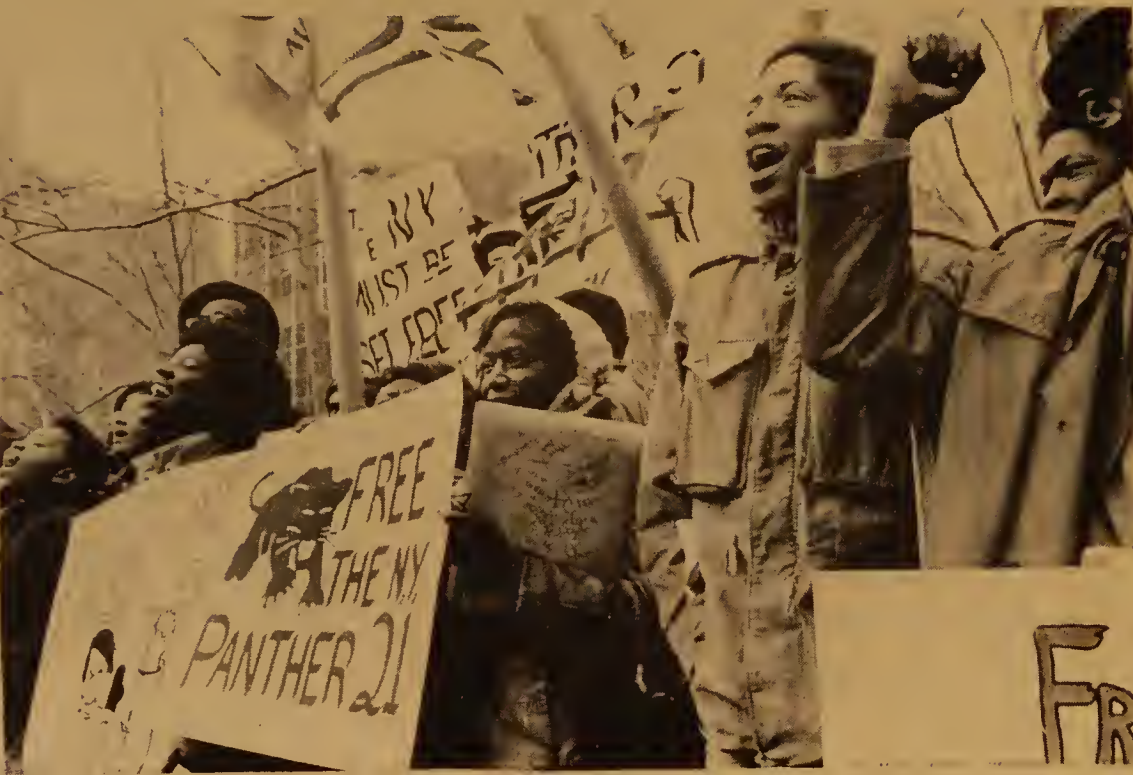
NEW YORK (LNS) — Michael Cetewayo Tabor, one of the Panther 21, took the witness stand during the second week of the Panther 21 trial and told Judge Murtagh, DA Phillips, and the rest of the people in the courtroom about the M-14 rifle, the two shot guns, one of them sawed off, and the P-38 pistol he kept in his Manhattan apartment. He told how he came to be a Black Panther and had taken up arms. The black people in the audience heard him describe their own life histories, the history of the black colony. It was as if the Judge and the DA weren't there, as if they didn't matter.

For five years, from age 13 to age 18, he was addicted to heroin, to "the plague." He was a high school drop out, a street kid. His whole life revolved around getting a fix, getting off, getting high. He became a member of the "cloud nine society." At thirteen he was "desperate and depressed" and began shooting up to escape the pain.

Tabor described drug addiction as a social problem; he defined it in relationship to the Mafia, to police in the colony, white youth and pot, international big business, oppression and injustice.

He told the courtroom audience how heroin had "obliterated the ugly realities of ghetto existence." It closed his nostrils to "the stench of urine-soaked tenement dungeons." It made him "deaf to the screaming sirens of pig police cars as they raced through the black jungle in response to the cry of another police car in distress." Heroin supplied the "need to escape oppression." It sapped the energy to rebel.

In most court cases when a defend-



Panther 21 demonstration in New York City.

ant is questioned by the district attorney about prior arrests he refuses to testify. His lawyer argues that he should not be judged guilty or innocent in the present matter on the basis of past cases. But Michael Tabor admitted to his previous arrests. He told how he robbed and mugged so that he could get a fix. But he never stole from black people, although he admitted that most black addicts steal from black people. Every place south of 110th Street, he said, was "part of the Mother Country"; territory where he robbed furs and jewelry.

DA Phillips tried to depict Tabor as a habitual criminal, but Tabor's sense of what constitutes crime is completely different from Phillips'. He said that crime is "exploitation of poor people by filthy rich pigs." Phillips shook his head, snorted, stamped his feet. When Phillips asked Tabor how often he had been in jail he answered, "I have been in a penal institution for the 23 years of my

life. All of America is a State prison." "That's not what I meant by prison," Phillips observed.

But Tabor had quit being an addict. He had stopped stealing in order to buy heroin. He told the audience how Malcolm X's *Autobiography* had hit him like a thunderbolt; it gave him "a new outlook on life." And then Tabor became a Black Panther. He became convinced that the only way to end the plague, to end addiction was to make the revolution.

Tabor said that heroin was used by the society to kill off black youth, to kill off revolutionaries. "Capitalism plus dope," he said, "equal genocide." He noted that getting blacks hooked on heroin was getting them "to pay for their own extermination." It was "death on the installment plan."

Before he was arrested on April 2, 1969, Tabor worked on the Panther Breakfast program to feed black child-

ren, and for the Liberation School to teach black children to read and write. On April 2, the police came to his apartment, ostensibly to check out a noise complaint. Rosamond Bennett his wife refused to open the door. The policeman showed no search warrant, no warrant for Tabor's arrest.

When Bennett didn't open the door the police kicked it down. Inside, Tabor was standing before them, his fingers spread wide to show he was unarmed. He was thinking of Bobby Hutton getting killed by Oakland pigs, and Cleaver getting shot in the leg.

"Were you afraid, were you nervous?" Phillips asked.

"No," Tabor answered.

"You mean to tell me that the police had a gun on you and you were unafraid?" the DA questioned.

"Yes, that's right," Tabor replied. "I had a gun drawn on me by a white cop when I was six years old. I've developed an immunity to police drawing guns. It's standard form in the ghetto."

Throughout Tabor's testimony the spectators shouted out "Right on," and "Run it down." Judge Murtagh lectured the audience, "The court insists on complete order." Murtagh also found the "smirks" on the faces of the defense lawyers objectionable.

But Murtagh's lectures didn't intimidate the Panthers. In the next session, after the judge's insistence on order, the defendants entered the courtroom shouting "Off the Pig." "Power to the People." Most of the spectators had been cowed by Murtagh. Only a few isolated individuals whispered back "Power to the People."

"What was that?" the Judge asked. One Panther stood up, faced the crowd and said, "Don't be threatened by Mudface Murtagh. Don't be afraid." And the whole audience in unison shouted back "Power to the People!" Murtagh had the courtroom cleared.

Legion Lambasts Leftists!

CHICAGO (LNS) — Members of the ultra right Legion of Justice staged an attack against the Guild Bookstore, headquarters of the Chicago underground newspaper Second City, Tuesday night, February 3.

Four thugs, wearing ski masks and carrying clubs, tear gas and mace, barged into the shop at about 9:15 pm., overturning bookshelves, newspaper racks and furniture, and spraying mace and an irritant gas toward a Guild member in the shop.

Similar attacks have been made on members of the Young Socialist Alliance, in DeKalb, Ill., on Dec. 6, and in Chicago on Nov. 1. Several people were beaten in each incident by a gang of men dressed and armed in the same fashion as those who attacked the Guild. Some of those victims required hospitalization.

Although the Legion of Justice is small in size (they claim 125 members in the Chicago area and 450 nationally, which is probably exaggerated) the police seem "unable" to do anything to stop their attacks. Indeed, they operate with the tacit approval of the police.

The sergeant officiating after the attack on the Guild said that as long as the store sold left-wing literature, attacks like this could be expected. He told the landlady of the building that the attack occurred because of the Communist literature in the store. The Guild also has a variety of novels, poetry and even some used Bibles.

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THOUSANDS MARCH FOR CONSPIRACY

One thousand angry people marched Feb 19 in the "People's tour of the Watergate" in support of the Conspiracy 8 and their lawyers. Watergate is a plush apartment complex near Washington D.C., the abode of Attorney General John Mitchell. Throughout the complex, banners supported the Panthers and declared "We are all in contempt." The flag which predominated said, simply, "BULLSHIT." Cops began tactics of "dispersal" by pinning people against the buildings, and a total of 140 marchers were arrested.

Also on Feb. 19, 15,000 protestors marched from Boston Common to a rally at the Federal Building in Boston where an effigy of Judge Hoffman was burned. After the rally, people were milling around the Common quietly when police charged them, swinging clubs. Thirteen people were taken to the hospital, and twelve were arrested.

Over 3,000 people marched through the streets of Ann Arbor, Michigan, on the night of Feb. 18 after the Conspiracy convictions were announced. The crowd smashed windows in the campus branches of the Ann Arbor Bank, in the Ann Arbor News and in the University of Michigan president's house. One police car that tried to drive through the crowd was stopped and its windows were broken. The cops got out and ran away. Only ten people were finally arrested.

Prisoners in the Santa Clara County Jail in Santa Clara, Calif., were watching the TV news when it was announced that the five Conspiracy defendants had been found guilty. Moments later, six fires were blazing in different areas of the prison and more than a hundred prisoners, many of them Chicanos, were smashing furniture, equipment and windows in the jail, and throwing mattresses and pieces of broken furniture onto the fires.

Tear gas grenades crashed into the federal building in Seattle, people fought in the streets in New York, daily rallies gathered in Chicago numbering in the thousands, and someone bombed the police station in San Francisco in response to the heavy contempt charges and to what the lawyers call a "compromise verdict."

Wives, friends and family of the defendants were thrown out of the courtroom just before the verdict was handed down on Feb. 18. Assistant prosecution attorney Richard Schultz, afraid of "disruptions" in the courtroom, made a motion to exclude family members. Hoffman sustained the motion as marshals dragged the women out, clamping wrestling locks on them.

"The women resisted vigorously," Schulz sneered later. One of them cried out, "We'll dance on your grave, Julie (Judge Hoffman)!" When they were finally outside the building waiting for the verdict, they announced that they would speak only with women reporters.

Though many liberals hailed the acquittal on the conspiracy charge as a "victory," that seems small compensation for the 25 years in prison and \$25,000 fine -- the price for a total of 18 speeches made by the defendants before and during the 1968 Democratic Convention. The brothers who have just been sentenced were not accused of a single overt criminal act.

As Anita Hoffman, wife of defendant Abbie Hoffman, put it, "If there wasn't a conspiracy before, there certainly is one now."

continued from 1

serialized story in the Chicago Sun-Times, Kay Richards described how she mediated between the deadlocked factions. She says that she wanted to save the government the expense of a retrial. Though she writes that the defendants opened new ways of thinking about life for her, she wanted to vote them guilty of everything. More than any other juror, Kay Richards was threatened by the lives of the defendants. If they weren't judged criminals, her life as a computer operator would be called into question. Like an Uncle Tom threatened by black militancy, Kay Richards sold out her best instincts for a lackey's security. Already in Chicago "Kay Richards" is a name being used for a kind of goody-goody young person who wants to stay on the right and respectable side of the authorities, the kind of person who would turn her college roommates in for smoking pot and then say "it was for their own good."

Contempt Sentences

Before the jury ever returned with a verdict, Judge Hoffman began the unprecedented measure of sentencing the defendants for contempt. Though the trial itself represented a systematic policy of intimidation by the government in hopes of stifling dissent, the contempt citations represent the peculiarity of the Judge's ego. Hoffman's feelings had been hurt, and the citations were his revenge. He took particular glee in the fact that the defendants were unprepared; they expected to be sentenced for contempt after the jury returned with a verdict.

Because of the politics of the case, the defendants were dubious about their chances of getting bailed out of jail on appeal bonds. They wanted to mentally prepare for the isolation of five or more years in jail. Unfinished political work had to be taken care of, there were friends to tell good-bye, wives and friends to make love with a last time, and maybe eccentric wishes to fulfill, things like drinking your last egg cream. This was the time to be seized while the jury worked toward a verdict. Instead, with no notice and just a half-hour lunch break, contempt sentences were meted out and defendants were whisked to jail. Judge Hoffman seemed to take special delight in his unsuspected surprise.

Of course, when William Kunstler cited the legal precedents which called the Judge's action into serious question and asked for bail pending appeal, he was denied. Later, after the verdict was returned, the bail appeal met with the same result. If this wasn't a political case, and if the government didn't want to squelch dissent, the legal justifications for appeal and mistrial would be overwhelming. But of

CONSP IRACY

course, if this wasn't a political case, the defendants wouldn't have been indicted in the first place.

To believe that the disruption of the Democratic convention took place because of the cunning of the defendants rather than outrage stemming from the Vietnamese war, racism, and the provocation of the club-swinging Chicago pigs is absurd. The government case: Pacifist Dave Dellinger spoke at Grant Park -- one speech. Jerry Rubin gave three speeches and threw a sweater at a cop, etc. The defendants were guilty of being media-recognized leaders of a generalized rebellion. The Democratic party under Lyndon Johnson -- and with the boost of boss Daley -- destroyed itself. Under the precedent of this trial, half the demonstrators in Chicago could be convicted. The defendants were clearly chosen to be examples.

Political Question

Establishment observers still persist in discussing bail as a legal rather than political question. One states "the legal system hasn't faced such a challenge in two hundred years." Another writes, "The legal questions posed are complex and disturbing." Respectable judgment tells us it's all a matter of adjustment, tinker with the system and it's good for another two hundred years. Senator Stennis thinks the problems more basic. Getting down to the political nitty gritty he suggests that disruptive ideological criminals be imprisoned without trial. It's the modern -- if they don't play by the rules, fuck 'em -- attitude. Mayor Daley's "shoot to kill" order to Chicago cops dealing with black rioters was the first expression of this sentiment. Sheriff Madigan arming his men with buckshot and ordering them to shoot the People's Park defenders in Berkeley was another. While the liberal observers wring their hands about the mechanics of trial procedures, events in the



streets prove the defendants' actions in Chicago tame. Soon troublesome trials will be avoided by shooting into crowds of riotous demonstrators.

If the Chicago Conspiracy Trial were an aberration, one of a kind, the critics would be right in saying it posed legal dilemmas. But conspiracy trials and felony charges against people who protest are taking place in every major city in the country. Freedom of speech and assembly are guaranteed as long as you don't take the idea too seriously and try to change something. Chicago is merely the most striking example, the center ring in a twenty-seven ring circus. The Chicago defendants will get bail if enough Americans don't want to see their basic freedoms ripped away, and do something about it. . . . The question of bail for the defendants, like the question of the preservation of freedom, depends on how much political pressure is applied on the government.

The test posed by this trial is especially significant. This trial tests whether the government has enough power to punish for thought crimes, for crimes of supposed intent without specified action. Under conspiracy laws or laws against crossing state lines with the intent to incite a riot, no riot has to take place. It's profoundly significant that in this trial the judge approved wiretapping of any individuals or organizations deemed by the Attorney General to be threatening to the national security. Under this ruling, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and the Yippies are now officially dangerous to national security. The liberals' madcaps are the reactionaries' madmen.

PART TWO

Jerry's Poll

The phone jangled in my Mississippi apartment. It was Abbie and Jerry in Chicago. Until then, I'd been like most of the kids in

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Judge Hoffman, you
are a fascist and a
pig!

Liar! 5 years in jail
for contempt of court,
the judge said.



Leonard Weinglass and William Kunstler -- contemptuous lawyers.

CHICAGO (LNS) — The cluttered defense table at the trial of the Conspiracy Eight in Chicago was finally cleared of the defendants Feb. 15. On that day, the last of the men on trial for conspiring to riot at the 1968 Democratic National Convention were sentenced to prison terms for contempt of Julius Hoffman's court.

Three days later the jury brought back its verdicts — for five, acquittal on the conspiracy rap and conviction on crossing state lines to incite a riot; for two, complete acquittal — but that seemed almost beside the point. The point was that one of the most significant trials of the century was over.

Following are the last statements of the defendants and their lawyers after Hoffman's reading of the contempt charges.

dave dellinger

With the jury's deliberations only minutes old, Hoffman was already reading 34 counts of contempt of court against Dave Dellinger.

Reading verbatim from the trial's transcript, the judge scored Dellinger's shouted support of Bobby Seale when the Black Panther leader was shackled by the judge. Hoffman ran through instance after instance when Dellinger spoke out against the political nature of the trial, the lies and the distortions.

When Hoffman was through, he gave Dellinger a chance to speak. Dave talked about the war against Vietnam and about racism in this country.

The judge told him that the trial was not about politics.

Dave told the judge that that is exactly what the trial is about.

Judge Hoffman warned him not to go on talking about things like that.

But Dave kept on talking:

"You want us to stay in our place, Judge Hoffman, but we won't. Just like black people won't stay in their place, or poor people, or women won't stay in their place. First you wanted us to be like good Germans and say nothing about the evils of this decade. Now you want us to act like good Jews and go quietly to the slaughter.

"The record is an indictment of you, ont us. If you had any sense, Judge Hoffman, you'd realize that this trial will be the rallying point for a whole new generation."

Shouts of "Right on!" rang out.

"Sit down, Mr. Dellinger. Mister Marshall, have that man sit down," the judge said.

Dave's daughter, Tasha, applauded her father. Judge Hoffman looked at her, furious, and ordered her thrown out. She had been excluded from the trial the day before for an "outburst," and was allowed in only when she promised to "behave" herself.

Tasha gripped the back of her seat as a burly woman marshall pulled her to the ground.

The courtroom exploded. Several Conspiracy staff members hurled themselves into the middle of the melee to protect Tasha. Screams and shouts rang out and the entire room was on its feet.

Dave tore himself from the marshalls and ran up to Tasha, shouting, "That's my daughter! They're hitting my daughter! Leave my daughter alone!"

Two staff members were arrested and held on a total of \$35,000 bail — one charged with a felony for "assaulting an officer."

As Tasha was dragged from the court, she shouted, "You fucking Hitler!" at Hoffman, while the marshalls, spectators, reporters and staff exchanged punches and shouts.

Bill Kunstler made his way up to the bench, tears running over his cheeks, and accused Judge Hoffman of destroying his life and everything it stood for. The judge sat imperiously and kept asking for order in the courtroom.

He leaned back in his leather seat and planned to turn over the next six defendants into the custody of the Attorney General of the United States — as he had just done in sentencing Dellinger.

As Dave was taken from the court, he turned, raised his fist, and said, "Right on, beautiful people! Right on, black people, poor people, young people. Right on!" Just before he got to the door, he turned, smiled, and said, "Not to mention Latin Americans!"

Several spectators and reporters clapped, and were ejected from the court.

rennie davis

As Dave left for the lock-up, Rennie Davis looked at the judge and exclaimed, "You just jailed one of the most beautiful, courageous people in the United States."

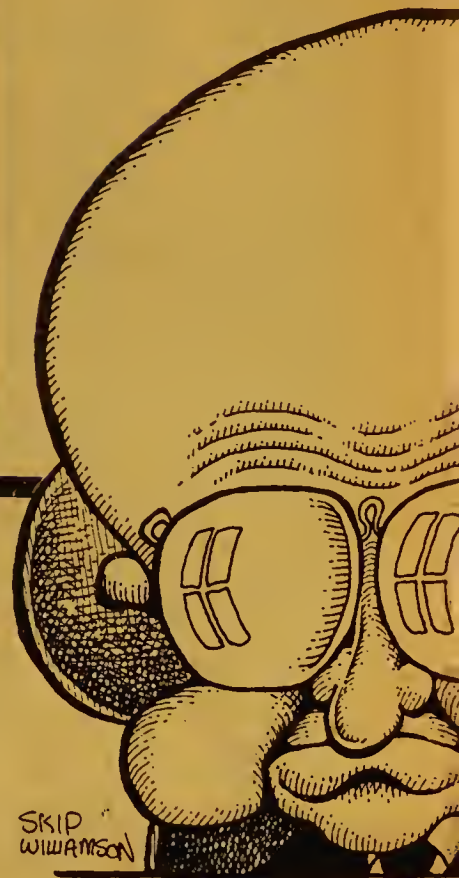
Hoffman smiled: "Well, then, let's talk about you next, Mr. Davis."

Rennie got 23 counts (which amounted, he said, to 22 minutes of "disruption" in a trial of five and a half months), and he was sentenced to 24 months in prison.

One contempt citation came down when Rennie brought into court a birthday cake for Bobby Seale. It was confiscated before he could bring it into the courtroom, so when he saw Bobby inside, he shouted, "They've arrested your cake, Bobby."

But the incidents of good humor which the judge could not abide and for which defendants went to jail are not the key thing. What the judge could not abide a thousand times more is that one after another, the remaining defendants, in their pre-sentencing statements, referred to their solidarity with Bobby Seale. In fact, each of the seven defendants is now in jail at least

WE ARE IN CONT



Judge Julius J. Hoffman --

partially because he spoke out on Bobby's behalf — before the judge ordered Bobby out of the courtroom and into jail on contempt.

"I've heard enough about Bobby Seale!" shouted a purple-faced Hoffman at one point in Rennie's statement. "Do you know what that man called me?"

"A racist, a fascist and a pig," shouted Rennie.

"You know how many times he called me that?" the judge asked.

"Many times," said Rennie, "and not enough," adding:

"You represent all that is old, ugly, repressive and bigoted in this country, and the spirit at this (defense) table is going to destroy you."

tom hayden

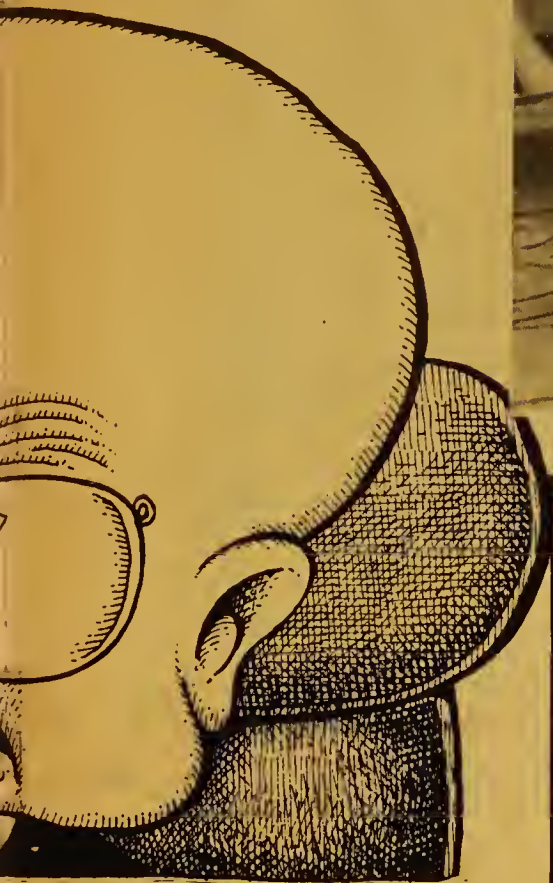
Tom Hayden's contempt sentence will keep him inside (aside from whatever time he and the other defendants spend on the conspiracy charges) for 14 months, on 11 citations — for raising a fist in greeting to a friend, for refusing to stand for the judge, for mentioning, in front of the jury, how former Attorney General Ramsey Clark was barred from court as a defense witness.

Tom's pre-sentencing statement ran for 15 minutes, in measured, intellectual tones. He primarily ran down what he knew about the Ramsey Clark incident, mentioning how Justice Department officials had tried to convince Clark not to testify.

The judge seemed to be able to maintain his cool when confronting Tom, at least up to a point. Smiling, he told Hayden, "A fellow as smart as you can do pretty well under this system."

Finally, Tom talked about how punishment would affect him. Tears welling in his eyes, he explained that there is only one thing he regrets about being shipped off to prison. "I want to

RE ALL N EMPT!



Contemptible.

have a child," he said between two very long pauses.

Hoffman recovered from his seeming half-sympathy for Tom and remarked nastily: "The Federal system can't help you with that, Mr. Hayden."

Hayden retorted: "The Federal system can't help you stop a new world from being born, Judge Hoffman."

abbie hoffman

Abbie Hoffman's contempt sentence was surprisingly short, eight months on 23 contempt citations. The charges came down for Abbie's running comic commentary, for his bitter though sometimes laughing attacks on the judge, for baring his body, for donning judicial robes in court, for refusing to stand, for dancing, for making noise.

Abbie, too, had a statement. He stood facing the judge as two big marshalls came to stand behind him. "Say, what are you guys getting nervous about?" he asked. Then he spoke to the judge in a loud, strong voice.

"The only way you can win this case, Julie, is by putting us in jail for contempt. And we are in contempt. Of this system, this court — and of you, Schultz. That's how you win this fucking case."

The marshalls closed in on Abbie as he voiced his support for Bobby Seale. The judge told him to shut up.

"No, I will not shut up. I'm not an automaton like you. 'The best friend the Negro people ever had,' huh? How many black people in the Standard Club? How many own shares in that war munitions company you own?"

The judge ordered him into his seat.

"I can talk from here, too." Abbie said to a



Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Rennie Davis --
contemptuous revolutionaries.

Photo by David Fenton/LNS

marshall. "Where decorum is repression, the only dignity that free men have is to speak out. When I was a witness, the prosecution asked me on cross-examination what I was wondering about at a certain time. I've never been on trial for my dreams before. How can I have respect for what you call the highest court in the land when it puts me on trial for my dreams?" said Abbie with a strained voice. "The people are the highest court in the land!"

Judge Hoffman then ran off the contempt sentence and marshalls led Abbie out. Just before he left the court, Abbie went up to his wife, Anita, kissed her, and said, "Don't forget to water the plants."

jerry rubin

Next day, when Jerry Rubin's turn came, he got 25 months. He said to the judge, "Everything that happened in Nazi Germany was legal. It was all done in courts like this, by judges. They said, 'This is law. Respect it.' This is the closest thing I have seen to Nazi Germany." Jerry's wife, Nancy Kurshan, cried out to him as he was being taken off to jail, and Jerry shouted, "Sadist! Sadist! Sadist!" at the court. Later, at a press conference, Nancy said, "Julius Hoffman is the hangman for a death culture."

lee weiner

Lee Weiner, who said very little during the trial (which filled 20,000 pages of official transcript), received two and a half months, the lightest of the contempt sentences. Lee told the courtroom, "I sat here quietly for the most part as I've seen you abuse and bury the child-like notion that in the courts of America justice is somehow attainable. I sat in a quiet rage as I've seen the best men in America belittled and attacked in small and large ways."

Hoffman spoke to Weiner. "Years ago," the judge said, "I was a teacher at the same school as you" (referring to Northwestern University, where Weiner taught sociology and Hoffman taught law).

"I know," Lee said. "Now there is an auditorium named after you there. Hoffman Hall."

"Yes, there is a Hoffman Hall; it's kind of you to mention it here," smiled Judge Hoffman.

"No, my intention is evil," answered Lee. "The plaque with your name has been ripped off the wall, and I wouldn't advise you to visit any law school after this trial is over."

john froines

John Froines was sentenced last, before the lawyers, to six and a half months. Hoffman was in such a hurry to get at Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass that he almost forgot to hand down a sentence after reading off John's contempt citations. Assistant Prosecutor Schultz had to remind him to do it.

"When history is written," John said, "the men who sat here at the defense table, those in the spectators section, those who sat outside all night to get in, they will be the heroes."

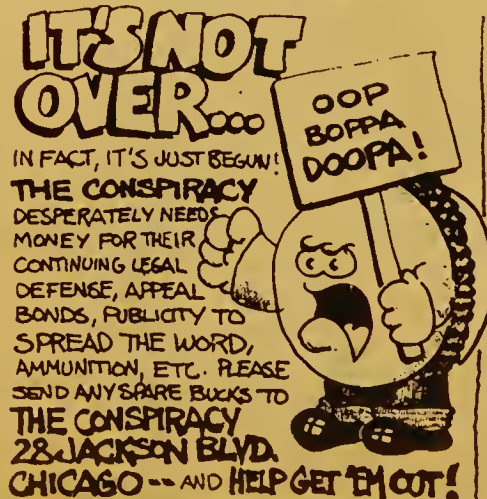
He was taken away after ending his short statement, in which he said simply that he would like to go and join his brothers.

the attorneys

When it came to Bill Kunstler's turn to listen to Judge Hoffman's litany against him, the long listing of "contumaciousnesses," ten extra marshalls were brought into the courtroom, filling up most of the aisle space in the spectator and press sections. Staff members of the Conspiracy were excluded from courtroom. The last row of the spectator section was filled with plain-clothes cops from the Chicago Red Squad, who smiled to themselves as Hoffman read off 24 citations of contempt against Kunstler (who has represented Martin Luther King and H. Rap Brown, favorites of Red Squads everywhere).

Hoffman cited Kunstler for contempt for asking questions "designed to delve into the substance of a document" after being ordered

continued on 22





CONSPIRACY...

continued from 11

Manuscript - second book in volume. Picking up on where Volume 1 ends, right at the beginning of the local meeting in June. The story is telling us a little bit of what was happening in the community and I was in the process of writing the long history of the town.

[illegible]

Into the Courtroom

[illegible]

While using a coffee to drive the party members from the bar Jerry did not the young party members of the faction of the party during the past year several of the defendants thought that he made directly the establishment of the party could be a matter of a word or two. The fact was being placed in the way of the party could be made to go part of the time and in the party was made to be a matter of a word or two.

making the lesson. After the first two days, my
 son joined a class that began to be
 that of a regular class. The first day
 he was very nervous. I was with him. He
 was very nervous. There was a lot of talking and
 some crying. The teacher was very good and
 kind. He was very kind and gentle. He
 was very kind and gentle. He was very kind
 and gentle. He was very kind and gentle.

[illegible]

During the interview the applicant said he never experienced trouble at his job and that he was not in Major's office for interviews or for any other military-related reasons. He mentioned that, with respect to his fellow soldiers in 1st Group, Company, 100th and 40th Regt, they were never in and out the way of his own group's routine. The applicant stated, "they had their own group of, to put it in a few words, following the way they did."

The Sentencing

1. The first group of authors (e.g., [1, 2]) considers the problem of the control of the motion of a mechanical system with a variable structure. The control is determined by the law of change of the structure of the system. The control is determined by the law of change of the structure of the system.

[illegible]

As the weather was very hot, I went
to the beach and swam in the sea. I
was very happy and enjoyed it very
much. I was very tired when I
came home. The beach was very
hot and the sun was very bright.
I was very hot when I came home.
I was very tired when I came home.
I was very hot when I came home.
I was very tired when I came home.

[illegible][illegible]

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Grass

Dedicated to Attorney General John Mitchell

Tonight

the house is dark & cool
and cluttered with undone chores
and undone memories
of male youthfulness
long strides through the rooms
and romps with the puppy
which make the floors shake
while chicken fries upon the stove
but that was summers ago . . .

There is never time to rest

to define peace -- except as something for Vietnam
the clatter of official boots
silence America
and I wish for peace -- not silence enforced by fear
but PEACE to sleep
without that male readiness
to spring from a love bed
at the swirl of a police light
or the crackle of a terrorist bomb,
but to sleep in peace in your arms
cradled by the tolerance that is no more . . .

But darkness brings

not moons, and bedtime stories
of goblins and ghost
but cars parked at the curb
without lights
and the riddle of bullets
through the neighbors house
and America dare not sing
anymore
a lullabye
for sleep will not come
waiting for Police to enter
like Nazi troops without a knock
or a reason
to search for grains
of grass to hang our politics upon

Still you smoke contentedly
before the fire
your mind freed
tonight.

Glenda Brownback

To Chicago, Mayor Daley, San Francisco State, Etc

My sister played with dolls
of blond pig-tailed plastic
and could climb the
iron monkey-barred jungle gymned
thing on the play ground
of course faster than any boy
(although the ruffles across
her pretty little tail arched
the penciled hairs of the teacher's
right eyebrow)

She regurgitated
My country is of the home of the free
land of the bravedom
and made average grades

And she went to Sunday school church
with the family
and learned god is love you enemies
thou shalt not

And then
my sister left her doll-peopled
glass-eyed world and
looked
with rainbows
at the slumwhiteness after rain
of her past learnings

My sister's mouth is flooding blood
red outlines the spaces of her teeth
and forms hard brown clots in her golden hair
She whispered
peacefully to the pig
who still half her lip on his swinging
club

And all the while Mayor Daley's
Sanitation Department clapped cheered wildly
for the American way, election day
unrealizing
bloodstains
only wash with
too late tears

Laura Davidson

Chicago 1968 & 1970

America
when I was growing up
smelled new
like fresh paint
and just cut lumber

I wrote happy plays
set to dances
performed on the porch
to the neighborhood
at the top of my voices

America
later became somber factory ghetto schools
and later
political bannering
finding that colleges were as corrupt
as city hall
but these were heady days
of raising our voices above the ineptitude
the play was ritual

Now my voice is gone
cracked by too much chanting
too much singing in the cold damp marches

America
the play is the Chicago Trial
the judge in drag
trailing a gown
the witnesses silenced by the gavel
the defendants shackled to their chairs
then put to jail
without a jury
and their voices are hoarse from the obscenities

America
is old and senile
now
dirty, lecherous
peeping tom busy bodies
smelling of power and decay

we are silenced by the old men
who jail us if we speak too colorfully
of the truth
in our plays
pretending the killing of the king
to catch a murderer

America
I fear for the last act
it cannot be other than
a dumb-show played to an empty house of hangmen

Glenda Brownback



By Makryannis
OLD MOLF/LNS

Z, a film directed by Costa Gavras, is the story, accurate in almost all its details, of the events surrounding the assassination in 1963 of Gregory Lambrakis, a left liberal deputy in the Greek parliament, and the subsequent investigation of the assassination.

Ten producers refused to finance it. "They would find it very political," said Gavras. "They were scared of slogans like 'no more foreign bases' and 'no more NATO bases.'" Finally, one of his young actors, the journalist in the film, decided to co-produce it with an Algerian organization. It was filmed in Algeria.

In order to fully understand Z it is necessary to have a grasp on the historical background of the events depicted in the film. After the defeat of the Greek guerrillas, who had fought the Germans during World War II, by the British in 1945 and then again by the Americans in 1949, communists and the rest of the resistance were exiled and outlawed. The rightist governments that followed controlled the labor unions and strengthened the Palace as a guarantee of "democracy." At the same time the army and police came to be dominated by right wing elements and the countryside was terrorized by the armed para-military groups.

The control of the country by the right was disguised under a facade of bourgeois parliamentarianism. From 1949 on, to get a driving license, or to enter the university one needed a certificate of civil obedience issued by the police. Industries, such as tobacco factories, were required by law to hire 5 per cent of their working force from right wing paramilitary groups which kept an eye on the rest of the workers (a law passed under the present dictatorship calls for 10 per cent university admissions without examinations for students of outstanding patriotism.)

A series of new developments in the early 1960's challenged the power of the established interests. The liberal movement with its call for an end to the repression was becoming increasingly popular. In the fraudulent elections of 1961 the dead and the trees had to vote to keep the right wing party in power. A new generation of students and intellectuals was beginning to develop a broad movement based upon a demand for the release of all political prisoners. As a way of fighting domination by foreign interests they adopted pacifist demands, asking for the removal of foreign military bases and demonstrating against the proposed Polaris bases.

Gregory Lambrakis, a left liberal deputy in the Parliament, (also physician, professor at the medical school of the University of Athens and Balkan Games champion) became an outspoken leader of this movement.

In 1962 and 1963 he led the Marathon marches for peace. In 1963 Lambrakis tried to intercede with the queen for the release of certain political prisoners. When Queen Frederica refused to consider the case, Lambrakis helped to organize the demonstrations against her in London.

A few weeks later, on May 22, after addressing a rally of the Friends of Peace in Thessaloniki, Lambrakis was assassinated. The assassins overran him with a tricycle-carrier and

struck him with a blunt metal stick. They were protected by hecklers organized by the police, and by officer Kaperonis of the gendarmerie who had orders not to interfere. A leftist deputy, Alevras, was also beaten up and seriously injured.

The government and the police desperately tried to cover up the events and to present them as an accident. Then they conceded to sending Kolias, the prosecutor general of the Greek Supreme Court, and the man who subsequently served as the puppet premier in the 1967 dictatorship, to investigate the case. Public outrage forced them to replace Kolias with a young magistrate, Sargetakis, whose professional integrity was acceptable to all.

His subsequent investigation, in spite of pressure from the establishment, uncovered a plot that implicated the highest echelons of the gendarmerie, including General Mitson, chief of the regional gendarmerie and Colonel Kamontsis. He was unable to trace the plot to the palace or the government.

The assassins themselves were members of a fascist paragonmental group that was recruiting its members from the proletarian underclass and the lowest elements of the petit bourgeoisie. The police recruited them for their dirty work by providing them with licenses and registrations to operate their property and their businesses.

Sargetakis's indictments came in spite of pressure. The police officers were indicted for complicity and negligence. The indictments were instrumental in bringing to power Papandreou's Center Union Party, a loose coalition of left and right wing liberals.

At the same time the threatened established powers engaged in a counter offensive. They "uncovered" an army organization, ASPIDA, which was "antiroyalist and Nasserist" in inspiration and used it as a pretext to dismiss Papandreou's government and replace it with a series of puppet regimes that fell one after another, lacking any popular support.

Forced by public protest, they promised elections for May, 1967, but finding themselves unable to control the popular feeling which was running heavily in support of the left liberals, they staged the coup in April, a few days before the elections.

One of the film's faults is that it doesn't provide the viewer with this history. Z's (Lambrakis's) role in Greek politics, the reasons for the extraordinary popularity of the pacifist movement, are never explained. Had it not been for the relevance the film has in so many countries other than Greece, the characters would have operated in a vacuum. On the other hand, that absence of concreteness is what gives it its great personal impact and imbues it with such direct relevance.

The script writer Jorge Semprum commented on the film: "let's not try to reassure ourselves; this kind of thing doesn't happen elsewhere only, it happens everywhere." The bourgeois press has received the film with a mixture of comments like the above and with "a thriller!" etc.

Some Background on Greek Fascism



It's the suspense of the film which makes it immediate on a personal level. By treating the investigation in isolation, like a mystery, it engages the audience in reproducing the experience of its everyday frustration and disillusionment with pacifism and the judicial process. The irony of the last five minutes of the film is accentuated by the response of the audience, which having forgotten its own experience (the Conspiracy, the suppression of Black Panthers and Young Lords) applauds with relief when the investigator pronounces the indictments.

And then, as if from another world whose presence we forgot, absorbed in the "triumphal march" of procedural democracy, comes the catharsis — the police officers were only disciplined internally. The chief of the gendarmerie has already been reinstated. Lambrakis' friends are in exile or have been murdered. The investigator is serving a jail sentence. Alevras, the leftist deputy, went underground after the coup. A year later, he was arrested, tortured and killed by the police.

The fascist state answers pleas for peace with violence, pleas for justice with the suppression of the most essential human rights. It doesn't change because you have asked it to. Gavras himself became conscious of this after the 1967 coup. "Before the coup," he says in an interview in Le Monde, "I felt close to Lambrakis, but while making the film I identified myself more and more with the lawyer in Lambrakis' party. From the beginning he has a more lucid picture of the situation. He doesn't expect the Red Cross to come and bail them out when the going gets tough. He knows what violence and cruelty his enemies are capable of. His is the only voice in the film that tells us that within the conditions depicted a successful struggle requires at least a minimum of organization and revolutionary action."

Z in Greek stands for Zei, he lives. The Z movement has failed in Greece. In 1963, 400,000 people were present at Lambrakis's funeral. Lambrakis, Theodorakis, the composer and the left of the early 1960's managed to bring together students, intellectuals, and workers disenchanted with the orthodox left. They all came together not because the movement represented for them a real living alternative, but because it was the only form of struggle available to them.

The reasons they failed are not only to be found in the strength of the right. The movement itself was weak. Because it relied on due process in a situation where that could achieve nothing, it was ineffective and therefore never inspired the people with the belief that they could win. More important, perhaps, the movement never made it clear that there was something positive to fight for. It was always in the position of reacting, of decrying injustice and corruption, of defining itself in relation to the regime it was fighting. For this reason it was without a goal.

The present forms of resistance against the dictatorship suffer from the same problems. The resistance will succeed when it's not defined anymore as a relationship but when it becomes an entity in which people can see the future and feel at home.

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EARTH AD.

Technocracy vs Counter Culture

by Barry Lesch

When I first started reading Theodore Roszak's new book *The Making of a Counter Culture*, I thought it would be fairly easy to review. Pick out a few bright, shiny, praiseworthy phrases for this new generation, this "counter culture." Say that's right or that's not quite right, polish up the rhetoric and over and done with. But unfortunately for reviewing purposes that was not what was unfolding page by page in front of my eyes. When Roszak talks about what's going on in the United States today, he doesn't offer any easy comfort or feed youthful self-righteousness with glib talk about pigs or Tricky Dick.

Police and Nixon are not the problem, says Roszak, and he sticks his neck out a little further to say that capitalism and poverty injustice are not the problems. The problem, the enemy, according to Roszak, is the growing technocratic organization of society.

The technocracy is that vast, devous monster which talks constantly in terms of inputs, outputs, systems analysis, variables, optimal conditions. The technocracy is run by the experts "who govern us because they know.... about all things relevant to our survival and happiness: human needs, social engineering, economic planning, international relations, invention, education, etc." It considers all human affairs as technical problems to be ironed out by experts. It can provide more and more for the satisfaction of men's material needs and can create the illusion of luxury and leisure freedom with electric, push-button living and new cars and vacations of a lifetime in Miami or Acapulco. It looks

at ghetto discontent and rebelliousness and talks black capitalism and urban renewal. Each year it digests thousands of college graduates trained in technocratic expertise at universities which exist primarily for that very purpose. For the relief of anxiety which the technocracy inevitably creates, it provides sleeping pills, tranquilizers and a mechanical orgasmic rag doll: the Playboy image of woman. It speaks through the mouth of TV newsmen who give the silent majority a comfortable version of the facts.

The technocracy is the great organizer of life in advanced industrial societies. It is scientific and objective and seeks rational answers for every human problem. No matter that it treats people as ciphers to be manipulated — willingly manipulated because they are conditioned and bought off by the relative comfort they live in.

Roszak argues that this technocratic structure swallowing up the world is not the result of any particular political economic system. Rather, the technocracy is indistinguishable in the US and USSR, and for that matter, in any advanced industrial society. It has a logic of controlling and structuring life all its own, beyond the left or the right. The rise of this ever-widening web of unfreedom comes from the Western scientific world view, the myth of objectivity, as he calls it, which we might break down to mean Western man's insatiable desire to impose himself on nature, to look at nature as an enemy to be tamed. This, I suspect Roszak would say, is causing the ecological crisis coming down now on planet earth, not capitalism.

Here is where Roszak brings in the counter culture. Since the fundamental problem of the technocracy is not a material one, but one depending on a particular way of looking at the world, Roszak sees the importance of the youthful counter culture as the creators of a psychic revolution, a totally different way of looking at the world. As he says, "What makes the youthful disaffiliation of our time a cultural phenomenon, rather than merely a political movement, is the fact that it strikes beyond ideology to the level of consciousness, seeking to transform our deepest sense of the self, the other, the environment."

Roszak goes on to argue that the youth culture is finding a fundamentally different view of the world than that of the technocratic dominant culture. He compares the young to that crazy mystic cult, the early Christians, who through their religious vision changed the world. He sees in the counter culture an understanding that "the primary purpose of human existence is not to devise ways of piling up ever greater heaps of knowledge, but to discover ways to live from day-to-day that integrate the whole of our nature by way of yielding nobility of conduct, honest fellowship, and joy."

The problem is whether or not this is really true. Roszak doesn't spend much time giving concrete examples of this new, more humane vision of life. He can point to some tendencies in the young, like turning toward Eastern religions, toward more personal models of social organization, to-

ward consciousness-changing drugs and a more personal politics, all of which points to an orientation to the world which rejects the technocratic ideal of human organization. These are only tendencies in the young, however, not a full-blown world view, and Roszak has a lot more faith than substance to support his argument. The vagueness of the language he uses to deal with this counter culture indicates to me an awful lot of wishful thinking, and Roszak, a tired "old man" of 37, admits this in places but says this is the only hope for the US.

It is revealing that he can be much more concrete about the misguided steps of the counter culture — the turning to deadening ideology and the useless confrontation, the abuse of drugs by those who make of drug use the absolute end of living rather than a part of evolving a new life style, the half-baked understanding of Oriental culture and religion, the commercialism of hip (the record industry and clothes, for instance), the dull conformity of view and content of much in the underground press.

Possibly Roszak has made a very good case against himself and his great hope in *The Making of a Counter Culture*. A world view, less impersonal and inhumane, doesn't spring into existence overnight. And saying it's so doesn't make it so.

There are days when I wake up thinking that I'm part of something new and vital, bigger than just me, and then there are many more days waking up when I think I'm a poor slob trying to cope with my own life, and that all "counter culture" labelling is a hype, a load of bullshit put out to sell more records and leather vests and love beads, a perversion created by old men, and not so old, who want to live out their fantasies of youth and eroticism in the bodies of the young. Roszak may have something worth listening to when he says that politics is not the name of the real game, but he hasn't created a truer game in his ivory tower. That's sad — for him and maybe for us too.

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5 am	Dan Diamond
9 am	Tom Collins
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Politics of Dreams

by Ron Jarvis

The ad men called last Sunday's concert (It's A Beautiful Day, John Mayall, Quicksilver and the Grateful Dead) a "birthday party." Could those ad men have hypothesized something in their hype?

Whose birthday? Is this the beginning of a new year? Well, isn't it our birthday? I mean all of us here in Houston — and that should only exclude those who want to be excluded.

I started thinking of these things after Sunday's concert. The whole mood of the concert contributed to these thoughts, but a couple of things in particular made me stop and listen.

After "the man," the Grateful Dead's term for the concert management, had quite literally turned off the concert, the Dead told the audience: "We'll be back. We'll be back when you've got a place of your own."

Earlier in the show Dave McQueen of Pacifica had said: "We can start a cultural revolution. Here. Now."

I took both of them quite seriously, at their word, but I'll get to that a little later.

The concert got off to a fantastic start, but it ended in frustration. The cops formed a human barricade in front of people in the aisles. One girl told a member of the Space City! collective that she walked up to a cop, tapped him on his shoulder, and asked him: "What are you doing in my dream?" She said he didn't understand her.

"I'll let you be in my dream if you'll let me be in yours." Bob Dylan said that.

"I'll tell you my dream, and if it's like your dream, maybe we can make it come true." I said that.

Somehow I lucked out in getting a seat. There were ten of us in a group, and our whole section was taken up by recording equipment. They put us in the front row right in front of the stage. We were enveloped in sound.

Thoughts, ideas and images flashed through my head during the concert, and I'm going to relate them pretty much as they occurred.

Rock groups in concert are electronic troubadours, wandering minstrels. Just as in early European culture, rock musicians are bringing their art directly to the people. The new myths are being sung and played. *The Iliad*, *The Odyssey*, *Beowulf*: those were the old myths.

But eclectic borrowing is the thing now. The songs, the stories, the styles are chosen from a huge backlog of cultural material. The thing that becomes eminently clear is that the separation between these different modes is not very great. A synthesis is occurring. It's a Beautiful Day sounds like a symphony orchestra when they're tuning up, yet they play a range of music from "White Bird" to "So Tired," including even an electronic hootenany.

Put-on is the style. There is no limit to what can be incorporated.

Random thoughts. The same but different. East and West meet. Pop and culture meet. Things long thought of as separate are coming together. A unity is being achieved.

The music is not only bringing forms and modes together. It is also bringing people together. The massive group gathered at the Coliseum all seemed to be grooving together.

John Mayall and Duster Bennett were the least ex-

citing to me. Mayall was so authoritarian. As a girl walked by the bandstand with a balloon in her hand, he said, "Put the balloons away." That was the first thing I heard him say. He was stern in observing formalities, too. After each solo performance, he said, "That was so-and-so on the solo such-and-such, let's give him a hand."

Mayall and his company somehow seemed out of place, out of time in a way. But perhaps that was because they played only three rather brief numbers.

Quicksilver Messenger Service played after Mayall, and the excitement began to build. The concert seemed to be structured: slow and tantalizing at first, but increasing in tempo and energy, building to an orgasmic climax. Quicksilver's last piece was "Who Do You Love?" which brought the people down into the aisles, clapping and dancing in an ecstasy with the music. The police barricade formed.

I thought that it would break when the Dead came on but the excitement wasn't able to build. It was thwarted by the cops and the concert management. *Coitus interruptus*.

There's a new form (eclectic synthesis) that is being developed with rock. As I said before, this synthesis is reaching out of the music and pulling the audience in. It's acting as a magnetic field for all kinds of people. Rock is a cultural phenomenon that is welding people together.

Ride with the music. It is only the most obvious force of a whole counter-culture that is being developed. Cultural revolution.

Businessmen, concert officials and cops are outside of this force. Not one of the cops lined up in front seemed to be aware of the music except as noise. But these people are exploiting rock concerts for their own commercial gain and power plays. The resentment from the audience was obvious.

These old forms of management, discipline and power are trying to enclose and surround the new forms. But power is given by consent. And it was the people, the audience, at that concert who really had the power.

The excitement and resistance evidenced at the end of the concert showed the power or at least the will to power. Chants, clapping, "more, more, more," alternating with the booing, hissing, "pig"-calling. The fists and peace signs shot forward, one at a time and both together. All of this from the audience was encouraged by the performers who stomped, shouted, shot the finger to the cops and beat cymbals. There was that togetherness. Readiness.

All that needs to be learned is how to use the power.

I was angry and frustrated at the end of the concert.

The exploitative forces had gained the upper hand, yet it was the audience which had the power of numbers, if nothing else.

Each concert I've been to has turned out the same. But why? Why does it need to be that way? My answer is quite simply that it doesn't need to be that way.

If a cultural revolution is really underway, why can't we make that dream a reality? In some measure anyway. Things are just beginning here. You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, you might find you get what you need.

What is needed now is some show of power of our own. I can see now a possible way out of the ridiculous manner in which the concerts are controlled.

A place of our own. That's what the Grateful Dead said. That doesn't necessarily mean that we need to own the place. The Coliseum during a rock concert is ours. We paid for it.

If everyone who pays for a ticket would demand that the management policies change, then those changes would be effected.

How can we make those demands? First of all we can try petitions, and if the petitions don't work we can boycott. If the boycotts don't work ... well, who knows what we might do then?

Pressure can be exerted by the bands themselves, too. Most would probably respond favorably.

Some of the demands that can be made are these:

****One (low) ticket price for everyone**

****A dancing area**

****An unarmed patrol, like the Hog Farm commune at Woodstock**

****Open-ended concerts.**

Arrangements could be made through the promoters or better yet, appeals could be made directly to the performers, so that the concert could not come about except in a place where these demands could be met.

Since there would be one ticket price there is no need to limit people from moving anywhere in the concert hall. The dancing area should be near the band. Eventually and ideally, concerts should be free. Right now, perhaps, we should try to eliminate the profits promoters make off us and the bands.

The patrol would assist in an emergency if one arose, but they would not police or regulate. Concerts could go on as long as the audience and the performers wanted to stay, with perhaps a curfew for very late hours if that were necessary.

These proposals might be dreams now, but they are realities in other cities. They could easily be so here. We have the power because we have the numbers.

Write me, here at Space City! if you're interested in bringing this about. Maybe this could be just the beginning of the dream.

Happy Birthday.



by Jim Ogg

The Great Blues Revival ... Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, John Lee Hooker, Son House have all found long-due recognition. Still, there are few white men who have achieved the true depth in their music to be honestly called, "The Blues," with the possible exceptions of Mayall and Butterfield. But the arrival of the Allman Brothers Band should be welcomed by blues and Hard-rock purists alike.

THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND on Atco is the meatiest album to come around in months, pounding with a raw energy like Creedence at their toughest. There are no spotlighted talents or extended solos, but it is the voice of Greg Allman which generates most of the power. He fires from gut-level, a la John Fogerty, and his voice has that edge of pain, anger, and despair which is what the blues is all about.

Every cut on the album really moves, particularly "Black Hearted Woman", Muddy's "Trouble No More", and an intense "Whipping Post", a little persecution-complex number which Greg's searing voice turns into a hock-buster.

If the band's first album is any indication, this isn't just another run-of-the-mill supergroup, but a fucking GOOD one. Buy it ...

Speaking of supergroups, Martha Velez has assembled quite a lineup for her first album, FIENDS AND ANGELS on London Sire. Among the personnel are Eric Clapton, John Mayall, Mitch Mitchell, Chris Wood, Brian Auger, plus members of Terry Reid Group, Chicken Shack, and Free. Impressive, no? But Miss Velez's throat is quite equal to the company it keeps, and her debut may pick up where CHEAP THRILLS left off ... Particularly interesting instrumentally is a Clapton-Mayall duel in Lightnin' Hopkins' "Feel so Bad" ...

Although this "brand-name" formula seems to work, it's not necessarily a sure thing. The Lord Sutch album, entitled LORD SUTCH AND HEAVY FRIENDS, which bandies about such names as Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, Noel Redding, and Nicky Hopkins, falls on its ass due to poor production and disappointing vocals from his Lordship, whom the liner notes tell us is the biggest thing to happen to England since the Blitzkrieg ...

New Music

People's Radio

At Last!

by David, KPFT's Head Announcer

On the Southwest Freeway near downtown Houston, the city's Number One Tennybopper radio station maintains a giant billboard that reads "Houston's Number One Audience 24 Hours a Day Delivered To _____" with the space left for the insertion of the name of whatever advertiser they currently want to flatter. Your time spent listening to that station is translated into "ratings" according to the size and income characteristics of the station's total audience.

The commercial media get paid for advertising products, for selling, for convincing you that Brand A is better than Brand X, and the amount of money they get paid for that service is directly proportional to the size of their audience. The name of the game is Lowest Common Denominator.

The first task of the commercial radio station is to figure out which type of music and which type of disc jockey will yield the biggest audience and hence the biggest profit. Some of them are more successful than others at playing the game, but all commercial broadcasting networks and stations must play it. The result of the game is that the airspace YOU OWN (the frequencies on which radio and TV stations operate are public property) is filled with garbage. Mindless repetitive "music" interspersed with the yowlings of mindless, repetitive disc jockeys and an occasional "news report" detailing the latest car wrecks, robberies and murders. And, of course, plenty of commercials!



Never mind that America needs more than ever to hear cool dispassionate analysis of what's happening; never mind that more excellent music is being made by more musicians than ever before; never mind that our culture is being packaged in plastic and sold back to us polluted and cheapened. After all, there's money to be made, and there never is a scarcity of salesmen and promoters who want to make it.

There are alternatives. The govern-

ment provides that a certain portion of the broadcast spectrum shall be set apart for "educational" broadcasting. For the most part, this is even less stimulating than money radio. Colleges usually get those frequencies and use them for a laboratory for radio-tv majors to practice those techniques that will get them jobs at the money stations. Or else broadcast lots of ski lessons, arithmetic tutoring and an occasional jazz or symphonic hour.

What *should* a radio station be? Well, maybe it should be a source of enlightenment about what's really happening in the world. Maybe it should be a source of intelligent entertainment. And maybe it should even be an accurate mirror of the community it serves, a voice for the opinions, prejudices, likes, and dislikes of that community. It can happen. And it is going to happen in Houston.

Twenty-two years ago a small group of people, most of them conscientious objectors of the World War Two era, banded together to create a radio station which would be those things a radio station should be. KPFA in Berkeley-San Francisco was founded. To avoid dependence on advertisers, the station was established as a "listener supported" station, meaning the listeners who cared enough would foot the bills in return for high quality, diverse programming. It worked, and eventually the Pacifica Foundation established additional stations in New York and Los Angeles.

Two years ago another small group of people decided that Houston could support such a station. They set to work spreading the idea, and now that group has grown to many hundreds of people who give of their time, energy, and money.

On Sunday, the first of March, KPFT radio will become a reality. Non-commercial, listener-supported radio, free to reflect and ruminate on this city and its people without the cheap-

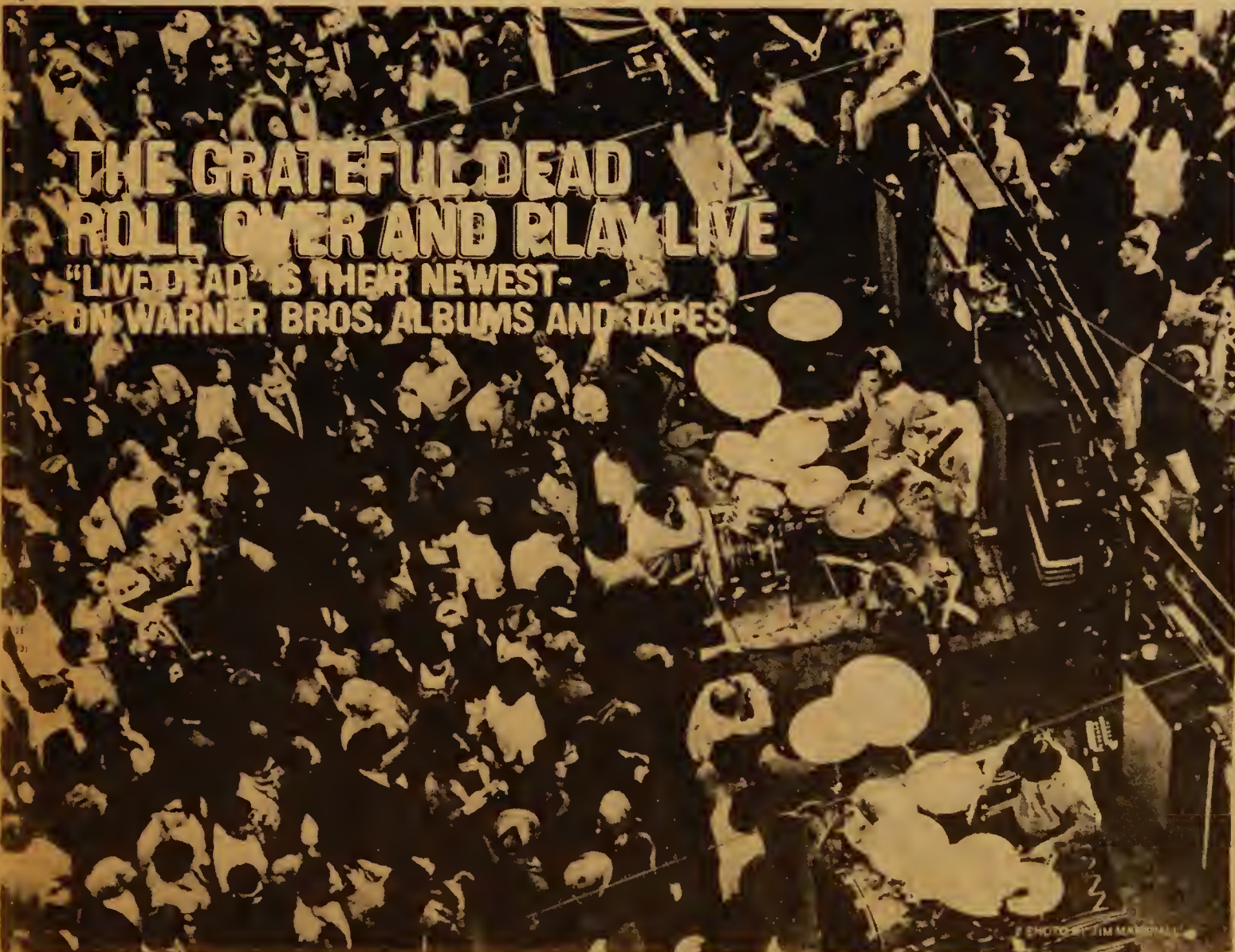
ening pressure of ratings and advertiser control.

The experiment begins Sunday. The programming initially includes serious drama, readings (*The Hobbit* will be serialized and a radio comedy serial featuring "The Hog of Steel," Wonder Warthog, is in the works), in-depth news, classical music that never gets heard anywhere else, interviews (with people such as Bobby Seale, Abbie Hoffman, and others), and a generous amount of rock, jazz and blues music.

The two programs that the most work is going into now are "Life on Earth," the evening ninety minute news block, and something called "Eclectic Light," a nighttime music and rap session. Both are free form evolving along with what is happening. "Life on Earth" will be the sounds of the news being made, a group of people in the studio talking about what they know about the news. No pre-digested summaries, no fast talking, smooth, well-modulated voices bringing you The First Word The Fastest (with appropriate sound effects). Instead, all that KPFT knows about the news honestly and fairly reported, so you can make up your own mind about what's happening.

"Eclectic Light" will begin 10 p.m. Monday through Friday and go on until the feedback from the audience stops, sometimes a couple or three hours, sometimes all night. Mostly it'll be rock and blues music with musicians, students, and freaks of all sorts doing their thing as they see fit.

You won't like a lot of the programming. It simply won't interest you. So listen somewhere else when it's on. Or better yet, come in and make your own. KPFT (FM 90). People's radio. It's up to you.





Remember folks: send your questions about dope to Brian Grant, % Space City! 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004.

In March, there will be a total eclipse of the sun visible in Southern Mexico, Northern Florida and up along the Atlantic coast. It will be the last one to pass over America until the year 2024. I am looking for a gang of freaks who want to get visas (might require a few shots) and take a train south from Laredo almost to the Yucatan. This is tropical jungle, bounded by two oceans only a few miles apart. The possibilities for dopers (Yage, cocoa leaf, marijuana, wild Mexican psilocybe, ibobo beans etc.) are fascinating, but conditions may be a little rugged.

As an alternate, I want to hear from anyone who wants to head east and dig it from Florida. This way we get safe water, no malaria and good roads; but lose the mystery and adventure of watching the sacred event from an ancient Yanqui sun temple in the mushroom country of Maria Sabrina. I'd like to organize expeditions in both directions. It could take as little as four days (Thursday through Sunday) and even working people could easily get away with it. (Would you believe the two day flu?)

Cost could be very low -- share gas, bring food, sleep on the ground, etc. If you have a bus or van, or even a car and want to join either caravan, write or call Space City! NOW, especially if you have room for more passengers. Some vehicles will rush back, others can linger near the beaches; but the right people should be in the right vehicles so nobody gets flunked or fired while his driver is snorkeling in the Caribbean or basking under the Florida palms.

If response is good, we could turn the thing into a mobile life celebration festival and stage a mass Aztec Sun Ritual -- except with people making love instead of offering blood sacrifices, and acid rock over loudspeakers instead of wails and screams. We might even find it practical to charter a bus with a driver who will mind his own business, and have a group thing all the way there and back. Let me know...

Q: A few months ago I experienced severe sharp pains and cramps in my legs and stomach about 5 hours after dropping acid. I never had this problem with psilocybin or grass. As of late I even have them with other drugs I am sure don't contain speed or arsenic. It's starting to be a bummer every trip now because of these pains. The average tab is 250-500.
F.C.S.

A: I have heard of several people who have your symptoms. The lesser part of it is involved with actual problems which hallucinogens seem to pose for the digestive system, and with the condition of your body. Many freaks take up Yoga or become special diet fanatics largely in order to feel good when their sensory system is turned on. The larger problem involves your inner tension. People who bury their nervousness and seem calm on the outside sometimes suffer from colitis and related problems when they are under stress; the tension takes it out on your body. A trip stimulates the central nervous system, and can trigger similar symptoms.

Consider the conditions surrounding the recent change. Can you think of any personal hassles you are struggling not to be bothered by? Try to find a

common set of conditions which seem to be present during your best trips: setting, mood, other people, etc. Also, try a big breakfast, a bland, highly digestible lunch and no supper next time to take the load off your stomach.

If you have these pains while straight, you might consider seeing a doctor, or you could experiment by finding out whether nerve tranquilizers have any effect on the situation. If they only appear while tripping, and the problem continues, send me your phone number: this would suggest the possibility of psychogenic pain, and there are tricks for dealing with such things which I cannot go into here.

Dear Mr. Grant,

As a doper who has been busted twice -- both times for possession of marijuana -- I am very much interested in working for reduction of penalties (and eventual legalization). I have a plan which I think might help get things going: a "write-in." If enough people would get together and write our representatives in the Texas Legislature, chances are *someone* will take notice. If Space City and/or KRBE could sponsor the idea and get things organized, I think the peoples' response will be overwhelming.

My question: Is there an organization or group in Houston working specifically for *sanity* in drug laws? What are they doing, and how can interested individuals help? (I thought I was through, but I want to add that since being busted at home with most of my neighbors watching all the excitement from their sidewalks, all those I've talked to are really sympathetic towards me and "pot" smokers in general, and they are very "average middle-class Americans" in my opinion. It seems no one cares if I smoke dope except the local police department)

Sincerely,
SK

A: There is work being done to legalize grass, but there are serious obstacles. Money talks in Washington and Austin, and our lobby has very little. Grass laws are a good smoke-screen for sluggish politicians who want to be regarded as fearless crusaders against crime and indecency, since kids are easy to push around and much safer than real criminals. Mass public ignorance is appalling; don't assume that the average Depression generation American is as sophisticated and tolerant as your Bellaire neighbors.

Even so, progress is being made. Joel Fort has fought the insanity of our laws for years. *Playboy* is bringing the message to the 'be cool, get ahead' types. Twenty million of us have tried grass, and the increase is still accelerating. I predict legal pot within five years, and we might see the penalty for amounts less than an ounce reduced to a misdemeanor even sooner.

As far as your question goes, I do not know of such a group; but if there isn't one, there should be. If anybody knows about a Committee for Rational Drug Laws, please let me know. Meanwhile, I will serve as a temporary secretary for an ad hoc C.R.L. and collect the names and addresses of anyone who wants to be notified in the event that we arrange a meeting to discuss possible action.

International Women's Day

NEW YORK -- For the first time in a quarter of a century a demonstration is being organized to commemorate International Women's Day. A rally will be held here to reclaim Women's Day as an international day of solidarity among all women struggling against oppression. The rally is being called by the women of Youth Against War and Fascism.

The tradition form International W
The tradition for International Women's Day began back in 1908, when, on March 8, women from the needle trades industry demonstrated on the Lower East Side of New York for the right to vote. Two years later the day was proclaimed International Women's Day, and for many years was marked annually by women's organizations all over the world. Women still celebrate this day in Vietnam and Cuba.

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"Pill" Revisited

In an article last issue, Feb. 14, *The Pill: Cause for Concern not Panic*, we mistakenly called Ovulen a sequential-type pill. Ovulen is a brand name for a combination pill. Two common brand names for sequential pills are Oracon and C-Quens.

See the next issue of Space City! for further information on the side effects of oral contraceptives.

Pregnant? Need Help?



There are no shots or pills to terminate pregnancy. Also beware of mimeographed lists of doctors who will perform abortions, these are often bootlegged or obsolete and only lead to quacks or authorities.

The "PROBLEM PREGNANCY COUNSELING SERVICE" provides complete privacy, many references, (so you may talk to others who have been helped) and is totally confidential. If

you have any doubts as to the alternatives from which you are choosing, call:

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--Mr. Robert Marson
L.A., Calif.: 213/454-0078
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contempt ...

continued from 13

not to; for referring to the chaining and gagging of Bobby Seale as a "disgrace" and a "medieval torture"; for defying a court order to sit down after protesting that Bobby's chains and gag were reminiscent "of 300 years of slavery"; for asking witness Mayor Daley "83 questions which were objectionable" for accusing the judge of prejudicing the jury against the defendants and saying, "I'm sitting down under protest"; for interrupting Assistant U.S. Attorney Schultz, who was arguing to exclude Ramsey Clark as a defense witness, and saying, "Mr. Schultz can't represent anything in its proper perspective"; for calling a ruling by the judge "outrageous" and adding that he was going to "say my piece and you can hold me in contempt right now . . . You have violated every sense of fair play in this courtroom. This is not a fair trial. If I have to lose my license to practice law and go to jail, I can think of no better cause to go for. These men are going to jail on a legal lynching, and you are responsible for it."

Kunstler got four years and 23 days; much of what he did and said was done and said by the defendants, too, as well as by Len Weinglass, who was sentenced immediately after Bill and received 20 months.

Kunstler told the judge about his long legal career, about how he had never before been disciplined in a court, even though much of his practice has been done in hostile Southern courts.

"I am sorry if I disturbed the decorum of the courtroom (when he broke down and cried after Tasha Dellinger was dragged off), but I am not ashamed of my tears. Neither am I ashamed of my conduct for which I am about to be punished.

"I may not be the greatest lawyer in the world, but I think that I am, with my colleague Leonard Weinglass, the most privileged — being punished for what we believe in."

Clenched fists shot into the air, and people applauded. Those who did were pulled from their chairs and ejected. Then Judge Hoffman declared, as though he couldn't believe the disorder, "Only the record can reveal what has gone on here." More shouts of "Right on!" echoed through the courtroom.

Hoffman went into a monologue of several minutes about crime in the streets, and how men like Kunstler and Weinglass are responsible for it:

"Rising crime in this country is due in large part to lawyers waiting in the wings, who are willing to go beyond professional right and professional duty in the case. The fact that criminals know that such a lawyer is there waiting has a stimulating effect on them."

The judge chastised Kunstler for not "controlling" his clients, particularly Bobby Seale (who was not in fact ever granted his right to his own counsel, as he demanded). "Never once did he say to Mr. Seale, to calm him down, 'Bobby, come on, sit down!'"

The trial, but for the verdict, ended with Len Weinglass's statement before sentencing. He said that the court for the past five months had provided him with the "richest, warmest associations in my life." He praised the people who "slept on the floor of my house and made do with only \$20 a week" to work for the defense.

Hoffman gave Len an admonishing glance; your conduct in court, the judge said, must have caused the people you work with to lose respect for you.

Ann Froines, the wife of John Froines, jumped up and shouted, "There's no man in this courtroom I respect more than Len Weinglass," and she walked out. Immediately, Mickey Leaner, of the Conspiracy legal staff, a young black woman, got to her feet and explained, "Judge Hoffman, you are racist and a fascist and a pig." (Back in October, Hoffman had scolded Mickey for holding hands with Bobby Seale while he was shackled and gagged.)

As Mickey was thrown out of the courtroom, Kunstler stood up, embraced Weinglass, and kissed him on the cheek. In the back row of the spectators section of the courtroom (Abbie Hoffman calls it a "neon

oven"), the Chicago plainclothes pigs snickered to themselves and called Kunstler a "faggot."

That afternoon the lawyers, relatives and friends of the defendants, and people who had been working for months on The Conspiracy staff, sat eating dinner at a restaurant in Chicago's loop, near the Federal building. A large crowd of people, just finished picketing at the building, passed by and recognized Kunstler. They stopped, rapped on the window, raised their fists in unison, and cheered.

The following is a note written by Abbie, and signed by Tom, Rennie and Dave, as they waited to be shipped from the courtroom to the jail:

"All goes well!"

"They can never hurt us, no matter what they do. For what they have jailed on this most infamous of Valentine's Days, is not men, but an idea.

"The dream of freedom is in prison now, but there are no prisons in the land strong enough to hold it . . . for its time has come. Seize the time!"

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ARTISTS: bill corbin,
david fugua, skip
(hi kerry?)

COLLECTIVE: judy fitzgerald, green, sue mithun,
thorne dreyer, sherwood bishop, victoria smith,
dennis fitzgerald etc

ADVERTISING: mike finger
STAFF THIS ISSUE: bill casper, tony grant, richard,
brian baker, karen casper, peggy sullivan, susan,
don trepagnier, carol, hunt, barry lesch, bill,
david mcqueen, john, patricia smith

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LETTER

Return of Shortbeard

Dear Space City Readers:

I am sure you've read the cliché that a reporter doesn't make much money but he sure meets a lot of interesting people. Well, being a writer and a vendor for Space City I claim the statement is a 200% truth. Case in point: the confrontation between Shortbeard the Vendor vs. Longbeard the Super American Emigre from Cuba, as described in Jan. 31 issue.

What happened, briefly, was that Longbeard wanted to safeguard naive American motorists from an obvious communist who was selling an obviously communist newspaper, Space City. So Longbeard printed a sign which he held over my shoulder as I showed Space City to motorists -- his sign, in red, reading: "THIS MAN IS A

COMMUNIST"

Just as he misread my political affiliation, Longbeard misread sales, more people bought, and I have considered -- in a good old free enterprise way -- hiring Longbeard to follow me regularly with his sign. Meaning that somehow I'm strongly influenced by wanting to make sales, even to the extent of making ten cents profit, on each sale -- rather unorthodox communism, or in the least, extreme revisionism.

But the point made earlier, you know, newspapermen and or vendors don't make much money, they just meet interesting people, really applies to Mr. Longbeard. And I purposely and sincerely mean the Mr. part. Because you could never guess what happened within a two week period after the Me and My Shadow routine. of Longbeard and Shortbeard. I still don't know what to make out of it, except it made me feel good, like after a deep rewarding meditation. I'll just report what took place.

First off, when several vendors and myself returned to Richmond and South Shepard to sell, our glances to the previously hostile Cuban emigres, were now returned with furtive smiles or with their eyes looking downward. Even the dude who threatened my life, the guy driving Cadillac PPT 520 saw me, gently tapped his horn, in what I guess was a salute.

But the most astonishing -- I hesitate to use the word miraculous, because many people think communism is a religion, and I'm wary of guilt by association -- the most amazing event of all starred Longbeard.

Just like the Cadillac radical, Longbeard gently tapped his horn, and I automatically waved. He did this on at least two different occasions, and I really began to wonder if that was Longbeard or another guy I met in the Family Hand who was a superlover -- but that's another story.

Anyway, the climax to what makes Longbeard one of the most interesting guys I ever met in the newspaper "business," while earning very little money -- it happened when he and a beautiful girl stopped their dune buggy next to me and they both smilingly beckoned me over.

Suspicious, I moved slowly, like a dog who had been kicked in the head instead of petted the last time master called. But their smiles, especially the girl's, intrigued me. But when Longbeard held some written material out of the window for me, I growled, "Naw." But he held it further out, still smiling, she smiling, and glory be, I saw it was a religious tract. The headline said, "Christ is Risen." Puzzled, but mystically shaken, and vibrations strangely pounded my body, I accepted the folder ... they smiled, nodded their heads up and down, up and down, still smiling... their dune buggy drove off. ... all I can say now is, Amen.

Shortbeard the vendor

...thanx, seed.

Special thanks to Alice Embree, Jeff Shero and the Chicago Seed for rushing to us special conspiracy material!

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-ABC-TV

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-Bob Salmaggi, WINS, Radio

"'The Libertine' comes across incredibly with wry humor and taste."

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-Archer Winsten, N.Y. Post

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SPACE IN

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films

Rice University Media Series, Fridays & Saturdays at 8 pm (same films at 2 pm Sat-Sun), Media Center Aud.

- Feb 27 - WORLD OF APU (S. Ray)
- Mar 5 - KUOMIKO MYSTERE (Chris Marker)
- Mar 5 - American Film Institute Program
- Mar 6 - PICKPOCKET (Bresson)
- Mar 6 - LE BONHEUR (Agnes Varda)
- Mar 12 - Guest appearance by Ed Emschwiller (showing his own films)
- Mar 13 - RED DESERT (Antonioni)

U. of St. Thomas Series, "What is Cinema Comedy?" 8 pm at Anderson Hall. \$1.

- Mar 3 - A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (Wood, '35)
- Mar 5 - FRANKENSTEIN
- Mar 10 - BRINGING UP BABY (Hawks, '38)

University of Houston Directors' Showcase. Library Auditorium, 8 pm. \$5.00.

- Feb 27 - NIGHTS OF CABIRIA (Fellini)
- Mar 6 - 8½ (")

PAUL NEWMAN Series at UH, Library Aud, 7:30 pm.

- Mar 5 - CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF
- Mar 12 - THE HUSTLER

"Super Galactic Earth-Shattering Film Festival" at the Attic Theater in the Cullen Bldg on Feb 27 - Mar 1, Fri - Sun at 7:30 pm. \$75

Watch for the Rolling Stones in a feature film. "Sympathy for the Devil," shown three times daily on Mar 15 - 16 at UH.

Jewish Community Center Film Series, Sundays 8 pm, 5601 S. Braeswood.

- Mar 8 - ROSEMARY'S BABY

"Z," which means "he lives" in Greek, is about the assassination in 1963 of a leftist Greek parliamentarian - a brilliant story of a fascist state. For some historical background, see p. 16. Opens Feb 27 at the Delman.

THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN, based on a book by Terry Southern, stars Ringo Starr and plays at the Meyerland Cinema, 666-0735; and Gulfgate, 644-3806.

rock

BAIL BOND BENEFIT, featuring the Hub City Movers, Onion Creek and other bands, on Thurs Feb 26 at 8 pm at Jubilee Hall, Bagby & McGowen. All proceeds to defense funds for Chalk Scott and Curtis Stancell, victims of the recent dope bust. Contributions to the fund can be brought to Mike Condray at the Family Hand.

"Rocky Erickson Release Benefit Rock Concert" with Floodbowl, Cemetery and others, Sat Feb 28, 12-10 pm, at 1003 Jackson Blvd at Grant St. 522-3269.

GINGER VALLEY and Endel St. Cloud in the Rain play a FREE gig at Milby Park on Sunday afternoon, March 1. Ginger Valley also plays FREE at the Den Dance in the UH Cougar Den on Fri Feb 27, 8-12 pm.

LOVE STREET

Feb 27-28 HEAVEN & EARTH and BIG SWEET
Mar 6-7 BLACKWELL and BIG SWEET

THE TEMPTATIONS, Sat Feb 28, 8 pm, Coliseum.

PAUL WINTER CONTEMPORARY CONSORT plays Mar 10, 8 pm, in the Houston Room at UH. The seven-piece group plays Blues, Bach, folk, and jazz. \$2.

Also watch for JOHNNY RIVERS at the Coliseum on March 7, LED ZEPPELIN at HAYES Pavilion at UH on March 29, the Good Relations concert at Hayes Pavilion on March 21 (Steve Miller, Mother Earth, etc), and at long last THE BAND comes to Houston April 3.

NUMBERS

Space City!	526-6257
Pacifica Radio, 618 Prairie	224-4000
Food Club (Pat Stamm)	522-5846
Vietnam Moratorium Office	529-8791
HOPE Development	228-0711
April 22 Ecology Teach-In	465-5704
Family Hand Restaurant, 2400 Brazos	528-8306
Milby Park (Mike Harvey)	526-5915
Macrobiotic Foods (Elizabeth Marsh)	528-6413
Let Freedom Ring	528-5411
Dial-A-Prayer	782-8180

DRAFT COUNSELING

Houston Draft Counseling Service	526-6258
University of Houston (Fred Hill)	748-6600 ext 1240
Rice University (Jesse Cloud)	526-6688
Southeast Houston (Rbt Cummings)	923-7370
Pasadena (Edward Tarte)	477-3860
Friendswood (Doris Ullman)	488-1176

ROMANOFF AND JULIET, Peter Ustinov's take-off on Shakespeare, is presented by Channing Players at 8:30 pm, Feb 26-28 and Mar 6-7, at Channing Hall, 5210 Fannin. Adults \$2, students \$1.

THE DEVILS, with some 17th century witchcraft, is staged by Rice Players at 8 pm in Hamman Hall, Rice U., Feb 26-28. (528-4141 ext 638).

SMART ASSETS, original anti-establishment comedy, directed by Andy Misthos; at Theatre Suburbia, 1410 W. 43rd St. Mar 13-14, 20-21, 27-28. 8:30 pm. \$2.

Savitri Devi's KATHAK DANCES OF INDIA, Feb 27, 8 pm, Cullen Auditorium, U of H, \$2.

"Evening of Dance and Words," Mar 6 at 8 pm, Cullen Auditorium, U of H. \$75

CHICANO STUDENT CONFERENCE at UH on Mar 7 - 8 will feature as speakers: Froben Lozada ("Radicals in the Chicano Movement"), Jose Angel Gutierrez ("La Raza Unida - A Third Political Party"), and Mario Compean ("Barrio Politics"). 748-6600, ext 1076 for schedule.

SPRING KITE FLYING CONTEST on Mar 13 near the UC at U of H at 12 noon.

James Bristol of the National Council to Repeal the Draft will Speak in Houston on March 16: at 2:30 pm in the El Paso Room at UH, and at 8 pm in Hamman Hall at Rice U.

Student Mobilization Committee meeting to discuss Anti-Draft Week (Mar 15-22) and plan a rally in Houston on Mar 19 and a student strike on April 15 - Sunday Mar 1, 5 pm, Houston Room, U of H.

City-wide Coalition meeting to discuss anti-war activities on Monday Mar 2, 7:30 pm, Sonora Room at UH.

Forum on WOMEN'S LIBERATION, with guest speaker Marianne Hernandez from Austin, Socialist Workers Party candidate for State Representative - Sunday, Mar 8, 7:30 pm at Autry House, 6265 S. Main.

"Society is a Carnivorous Flower," a French student film on the 1968 French uprising, will be screened by UH YSA on Thurs Feb 26 at 4:30 and 7:30 pm in the San Jacinto Room at UH.

YSA Forums at UH. Call 748-6600 for time & place.
Mar 5 - High school student rights and dissent.
Mar 12 - Ecology Forum.

Monthly meeting of the Houston Committee to End the War in Vietnam will be held on Fri Mar 6 at 7:30 pm at the YWCA.

CORRECTION: Last issue we announced that weekly meetings of the Committee for a Human Environment (to plan the Ecology teach-in April 22) were held on Mondays. The meetings are now held every other Wednesday at 7:30 pm in the El Paso Room at UH. The next meetings will be Mar 4 & 18. For info call 465-5704.

The Bay Area Radical Education Project publishes articles on subjects including: imperialism, the black colony, political economy, the working class, women's liberation, and the university. We also publish a review of literature that appears regularly. For sample copies of the review and a list of our articles, write: Bay Area Radical Education Project, 491 Guerrero St., San Francisco, Cal. 94110.

Put a little soul in your party! Book the TSU Toronados, "The World's Greatest Soul Band." All it takes is money and a call to 528-2889.

Critics, writers needed for gratis contributions to new publication on arts and entertainment in Space City. Write Figmentasia, 2209 S. Shepherd, No. 3, 77019.

Space City Unclassifieds

For a free ad, fill out the form and mail to Space City! 1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit type ads.

FREE TO FOLKS (for now)

Space City! doesn't accept "sex ads". We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of human sexuality, especially that of women. (Not all of them are exploitative, of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't, and we don't have the time or energy to debate every ad.)

Unclassifieds

Astrology has provided answers for personal problems for 6,000 years. It might have the answer for you. Personal charts set up. By appointment only. (Also tarot card readings) — Edward F. Lacey III, 668-3107.

New outasite women's liberation bi-weekly journal, "It Ain't Me Babe," \$1.80 for six months: W.L. Office, 2398 Bancroft Ave., Berkeley, Calif., 94704.

Needed -- Spiritual brother for cross country tour of summer festivals. Hitchhiking. Call Gary (668-2144)

Driving to Mineola, Texas anytime after March 3. Will take one female rider. Share driving. No expense. Call Milton (JA3-6429).

Gathering people for chartered bus for Canada Pop Festival in Toronto in July. For more info, call Nancy at 733-0641 or Liz at 944-1372.

If you want to hear the voice of the U.S. homosexual, send \$1 for a sample copy of Tangents, to 3473 1/2 Cahuenga, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Two young head couples would like to form a group to discuss the special problems of heads bringing up children in our sick Amerikan society. Call Sharon, 522-0201.

Free press trying to get off the ground in the neighborhood of the Fighting Texas Aggies. In other words, we need any bread you can spare. We'll even send you as many copies of ISSUE as get off the presses in the next year if you give more than \$2.50. Please send any contributions, donations, CARE packages, change, bills (negotiable), checks, money orders or other assorted money to: ISSUE, P.O. Box 3836, Bryan, Texas 77801.

FOR SALE — M. native macaw and double yellow head parrot or will trade for stereo components, Honda or electric guitar. 529-6602 or 522-1543. [This publication does not guarantee the authenticity of no two-headed birds advertised herewithin. —Eds]

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